JOHN BULL, DECEMBER 23, 1939.
VOL. LXVI. 1749

PENSION WON—ANOTHER OFFERED!

JOHN BULL

TWOPENCE

FREE AIR RAID INSURANCE

Send

BLACK CAT

to France

And give the boys a

LUCKY break!

If *your* soldier has got a parcel of Black Cat cigarettes coming to him he's due for a lucky break! He's going to enjoy their fine full flavour, their coolness and their quality! He's going to bless you for sending some of Britain's best cigarettes to him out there.

You can send your Soldier Black Cat Cigarettes if he is with

HIS MAJESTY'S FORCES SERVING IN FRANCE

OR YOU CAN SEND THEM TO PERSONNEL IN SEA-GOING SHIPS IN COMMISSION

BLACK CAT

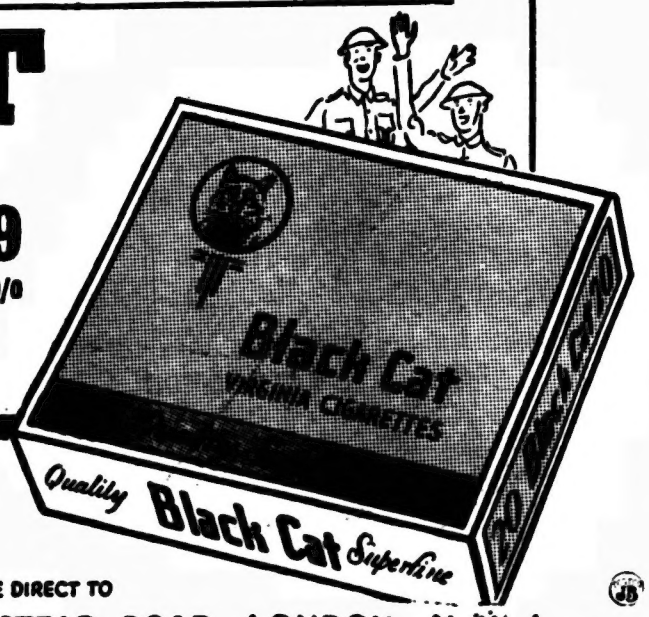
CIGARETTES (GREEN BAND)

120 FOR **3/2** **200** FOR **4/9**

300 FOR 6/9 400 FOR 8/9 500 FOR 10/9 1000 FOR 20/0

DUTY FREE

THESE PRICES INCLUDE POSTAGE AND PACKING



Your tobacconist can arrange for immediate despatch

OR YOU CAN WRITE DIRECT TO

DUTY-FREE DEPT. CARRERAS LTD., ARCADIA WORKS, HAMPSTEAD ROAD, LONDON, N.W.1.

BC 102

JOHN BULL'S GREAT XMAS GIFT TO YOU!

HURRY! ONLY A FEW MORE DAYS

Don't risk missing "John Bull's" sensational Christmas Gift offer—take advantage of this last minute opportunity to obtain for yourself or your friends these superb Writing Sets—Your Gift Vouchers are below—one worth 2/9 and the other worth 7/6. Attach one or both to the Gift Coupon and post to-day.

Writes a 2-YEAR GUARANTEE with each SET
THE IDEAL GIFT FOR ME
AND ME TOO
Writes a 5-YEAR GUARANTEE with each SET
BRITISH MADE

A Typical Letter of Appreciation

"I would like to say that I know these Pens are good, as I have had one for 17 years," writes Mrs. B., Sidcup.

John Bull — Xmas Gift Voucher — VALUE 2/9

This Gift Voucher will be accepted as 2/9 in part payment for the "John Bull" 5/6 Writing Set. Only one Voucher will be accepted in part payment of each Set. Valid until 30th December, 1939.

No. A 57213

A FREE 2/9 GIFT VOUCHER

ONE OR BOTH — take your choice

The Gift Voucher above will be accepted as 2/9 cash in part payment for "John Bull's" 5/6 Writing Set No. 1. The raven-black Pen, handsomely chased, with its graceful streamline effect, delights the eye. It has the latest lever self-filling device. The 14-carat ROLLED GOLD nib is tipped with iridium. The "Ever-pointed" Pencil, fitted with a propel-repel-propel movement, matches the Pen, and is complete with "Safety" pocket-clip and extra leads. The Presentation Case gives the finishing touch.

John Bull — Xmas Gift Voucher — VALUE 7/6

This Gift Voucher will be accepted as 7/6 in part payment for the "John Bull" 12/6 Writing Set De Luxe No. 2. The Pen has two inlaid bands of 18-carat ROLLED GOLD; a large nib of 14-carat SOLID GOLD with a tip of costly iridium; the latest lever self-filling device and a "Safety" pocket-clip. The "Ever-pointed" Pencil has one inlaid band of 18-carat ROLLED GOLD, foolproof propel-repel-propel movement, "Safety" pocket-clip, extra leads. The Pen and Pencil are exquisitely chased. The Presentation Case is beautifully coloured with a Pearl and Butterfly effect.

Only one Voucher will be accepted in part payment of each Set. Valid until 30th December, 1939.

No. B 57213

A FREE 7/6 GIFT VOUCHER

IMPORTANT—Let us send it for you! If you wish to make a present why not let us send the Writing Set direct to your friend—all you need do is to put his name and address on the Gift Coupon below. We will enclose your own Christmas Card if you desire.

"John Bull's" Christmas Gift Coupon

To "John Bull" Pen Dept., 134-135, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

(1) I enclose Gift Voucher value 2/9, which please accept in part payment for the "John Bull" 5/6 Writing Set. I enclose P.O. for 2/9 plus 2d. for postage and insurance, making 3/- in all.

OR

(2) I enclose Gift Voucher value 7/6, which please accept in part payment for the "John Bull" 12/6 Writing Set DE LUXE. I enclose P.O. for 3/- plus 2d. for postage and insurance, making 3/8 in all.

(1) Fine. Medium. Broad. Oblique. — Cross out grades of nib NOT required. — (2) Fine. Medium. Broad. Oblique.

If you desire BOTH SETS send the two Vouchers and a Postal Order for 3/- only.

NAME.....
FULL POSTAL ADDRESS.....
.....
.....

Write clearly in Block Letters.

Cross Cheque or Postal Order /& Co./ and make payable to "John Bull."

J.B., 23/12/39

JOHN BULL'S SHOP WINDOW

ALL SOUND VALUE AND A SQUARE GUARANTEE FOR A STRAIGHT LINE

EVERY OFFER COVERED BY MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE ON PAGE 31.

REAR LIGHTS for CYCLES

Prov. Pat. No. 28,678.

COMPLETE WITH BATTERY, BULB AND FIXING BRACKET 1/6 Post 3d.

Refill batteries 3d. each or 2/9 doz.

Ride in Safety.

Battery Illuminated Dozen Button — Fits to the lapel and shows where you are. Can be fitted to dog's collar. Complete with battery and bulb. Price 9d. Refill batteries 4d. each. Can be converted into a torch by fitting extra bulb, price 6d.

From all dealers or direct from Chiswick Engineering Ltd. (Dept. J.B.3), 7 High Rd., Chiswick, London, W.4. Trade Enquiries Invited.

DON'T WANT TO MAKE MONEY?

SKILL PUNCHBOARDS

The best money making proposition ever offered the public.

If you want funds for Charity, Club Prize or any other purpose let the SKILL PUNCHBOARD help you. A 600-hole board costs only 5/6 post free, and makes £2-10-0 profit at 2d. per punch, and £5-0-0 at 1d. per punch. Agents pushing this special profit-clinching plan are making £5 to £10 weekly. WHY NOT YOU? Our free Service Dept. will tell you how. Write for SAMPLE 300-hole board and Illustrated price list .. .. .. 3/9 post free

Discount for dozen lots.

BURDON HUNTER
(Punchboard Specialist).
Dept. J, 25, WOODVILLE ROAD, LONDON, E.11.
TRADE SUPPLIED. (Late Cahiomite Street).

IMPROVED FIRELIGHTER WITHOUT WOOD OR PAPER

PENN'S INSTANT FIRELIGHTER instantly lights coal or coke fire. No wood or paper required. Can be used indefinitely. This British-made FIRELIGHTER is a great labour-saver and is wanted in every home. Does not burn away. Always ready. No mess. Quick and economical. Saves relighting fires. Can be lit thousands of times with a match.

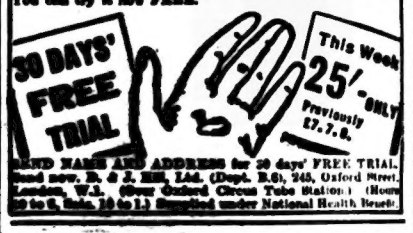
Excellent also for reviving a dead fire and for burning garden rubbish.

Wm. PENN, LTD. (Dept. F. J.B.), 623, Holloway Rd., London, N.19.

DEAF

NATIONAL SAFETY

It is essential for the safety of all concerned to hear all Signals correctly. Don't run undue risks. Our new Silver De Luxe model non-battery smallest invisible earphone is now offered to you at the specially reduced price, viz., 25/-. Thousands are already helped by this amazing little aid that requires no battalion, no wires, no renewals, and is quite invisible. You can try it now FREE.



SEND NAME AND ADDRESS for 30 days' FREE TRIAL. Send now, B. & J. HIS, Ltd. (Dept. B.6), 245, Oxford Street, London, W.1. (Near Oxford Circus Tube Station) (Hours 10 to 6, Sats. 10 to 1.) Supplied under National Health Benefit.

A.R.P. FOR THE RUPTURED

NO UNDERSTRAPS, BUCKLES, OR HIP PRESSURE

Adjusted in a few seconds.

The most objectionable part of a Rupture Support is the understrap and the tightness of the belt. The Pullout De Luxe Ball and Socket Appliance has NO UNDERSTRAP OR BUCKLES, and can be put on and taken off in a few seconds. This is a great convenience in emergencies and air raid warnings. Absolute security without understrap or pressure on the hips. It will control your rupture no matter how severe. Being waterproof it can be worn when having a bath. You can test this wonderfully efficient appliance free for seven days, and pay only if fully satisfied. You need no money and run no risk. Rectifier usually allow the whole cost. Write or call.

BLUNDEN Surgical Appliance Co., Ltd. (Dept. 129L), 8, Oxford St., London, W.1

Manchester Branch: 8, John Dalton St.

TEST IT BEFORE YOU PAY

SUTCLIFFE'S

FROM 10/11 MONTHLY.

Design T.L. GREENHOUSE

Kit complete easy-fitting sections and staging, moulded weather board base, framed ventilators, half-glass door, mortice and joints. Glass supplied, also paint for one coat after erection. Carriage paid.

Long.	Wide.	High.	Cash
7ft.	4ft.	6ft.	£5 17 6
8ft.	4ft.	7ft.	£6 7 6
10ft.	7ft.	7½ft.	£9 11 6
12ft.	6ft.	8ft.	£10 15 0

Monthly Terms arranged (with reservations). Send Sos for 83rd FREE CATALOGUE of GREEN-HOUSES, GARDEN SHEDS, POULTRY HOUSES, etc.

P. & H. Sutcliffe, Ltd., 32, Wood Top, Hidden Bridge, Yorks.

RETAILERS

The War has made shopping and travelling difficult, and THOUSANDS OF ORDERS are sent through the post daily. Do you have your share of this EXTRA BUSINESS, or are your activities confined to local requirements only?

By advertising in "JOHN BULL'S" FAMOUS SHOP WINDOW your business can be extended Country wide and enable you to reach out for trade on a NATIONAL SCALE. Why not make "JOHN BULL" your most active Salesman among the MILLIONS who read the announcements every week?

For particulars and rates write on business letter heading to: Manager, Home & Sales Development Dept., "JOHN BULL," Room 28, 57/58, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

IF YOU HAVE—

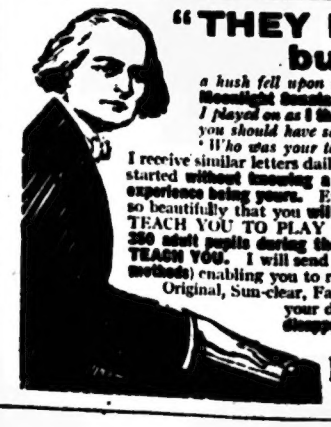
a Son or a Nephew or Younger Brother

Get him to write for This FREE CATALOGUE

—the new MECCANO Catalogue, containing particulars and illustrations of the complete range of MECCANO parts, with which he can build bridges, towers, cranes, aeroplanes, ships. There is always something new to make and something new to invent. Quite apart from the endless pleasure it gives, MECCANO provides real educational value among the young of all ages.

A copy of the Special Catalogue of Meccano Products can be secured post free by all readers who write, mentioning "John Bull," to Meccano Ltd. (Dept. 37), Binns Road, Liverpool, 13.

"THEY LAUGHED AT FIRST— but when I began to play—"



a hush fell upon the room. I played the first few bars of Beethoven's immortal Moonlight Sonata. I heard gasps of amazement. My friends sat spellbound. I played on as I thought you would like me to play, and when the last notes died away you should have seen the excitement on my friends' faces! 'Where did you learn?' 'Who was your teacher?' 'How do you get that lovely singing tone?'"

I receive similar letters daily from students of MY POSTAL LESSONS for the Piano who started without knowing a note. There is positively no obstacle to the same delightful experience being yours. Even if you are already of middle age, I can teach you to play so beautifully that you will be welcome wherever you go! Or, if already a player, I CAN TEACH YOU TO PLAY BETTER beyond your dreams. I have enrolled more than 350 adult pupils during the War, have taught over 81,000 during 25 years, and I CAN TEACH YOU. I will send you, BY POST, using Ordinary Musical Notation (no freakish methods) enabling you to read and play at sight any standard musical composition, six Original, Sun-clear, Fascinating Lessons, each arranged for your personal needs, that your difficulties of Tone, Time, Fingering and Reading shall simply disappear. Send P.C. for free book and advice. Say Advanced, Moderate, Elementary or Beginner.

MR. H. BECKER (British by Birth and Descent), (Dept. 38G), 69, FLEET STREET, LONDON, E.C.4.

AN OPEN LETTER TO JOHN BULL

"I wish to congratulate you on your amazing consistency. In such a world of change and strife how comforting it is to find so steady a rock to lean against. And now you shine even more brilliantly with your Free Air Raid Insurance."

S. P. Bacup, Lancashire

THIS letter is typical of thousands which "John Bull" is receiving, following the momentous announcement of

A FREE £200 AIR RAID INSURANCE POLICY

underwritten at

LLOYD'S

FOR EVERY READER

This war time security has taken on a still deeper significance with the increased air activity of the Nazis. Who can say how long we shall be immune from the danger that constantly threatens?

In addition to its Free Air Raid Insurance, "John Bull" provides Comprehensive Household Benefits, including protection against FIRE, STORM, FLOOD, BURGLARY, etc.

Here are brief details of "John Bull's" Free Air Raid Insurance.

AIR RAID BENEFITS

£200	should the Registered Reader and his wife be killed.
£100	for either.
£100	for loss of two limbs.
£100	for loss of sight of both eyes.
£100	for loss of one limb and sight of one eye.
£50	for loss of one limb.
£50	for loss of sight of one eye.

The above benefits will be paid for death or injury as defined caused by any aircraft anywhere in the United Kingdom, including injury caused by bombs, splinters of bombs, shells, projectiles or missiles, collapse of buildings, and poisoning or blindness by gas or liquid released by any aircraft.

Though no deliberate attempt upon the lives of civilians has yet had to be recorded in this country, common sense obviously demands that no time should be lost in taking full advantage of our Great Scheme. A few strokes of a pen and everything that bare prudence imperatively dictates can be accomplished without entailing a penny extra cost.

Use the forms below NOW!

ONE REGISTRATION COVERS HUSBAND AND WIFE

SIGN TO-DAY

JOHN BULL

Hand this Form to Your Newsagent

To (Name of Newsagent).....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address .....

.....

.....

Date_____/ .....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.
J.B. 23/12/39.

CUT HERE

POST THIS FORM TO

"John Bull," Registration Department, 122, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

.....
Reader's Signature.

Age.....

Address .....

.....

.....

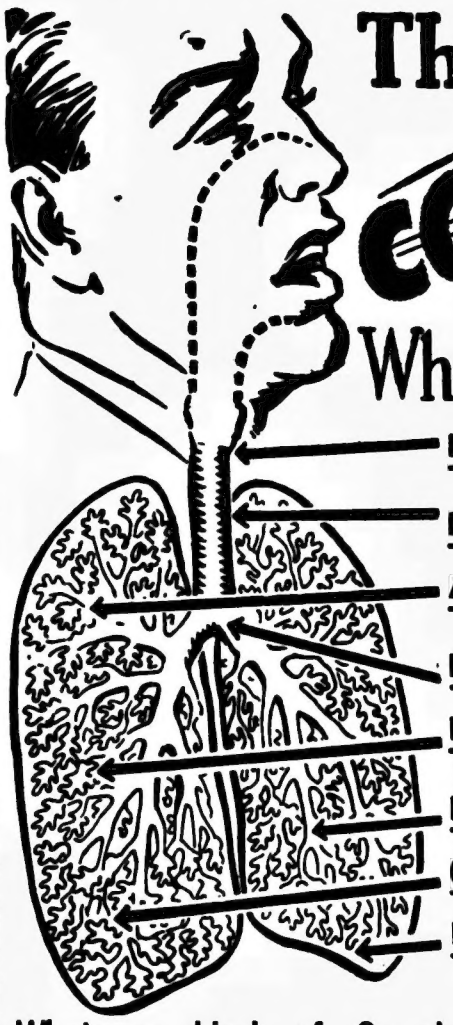
Name and Address ..... of Newsagent.

.....

.....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A Certificate setting out the full Benefits and Conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B. 23/12/39.



That COUGH! What Kind Is It?

MORNING COUGH
The violent cough that starts as soon as you wake?

PHLEGM IN THROAT
Is it the horrible, thick, choking cough?

ASTHMA
Do you suffer breath-robbing, weakening paroxysms?

BRONCHITIS
Is it an ominous, chest-rattling cough?

LOOSE PAINFUL COUGH
Does Coughing produce a painful feeling and sense of constriction?

DEEP-SEATED TEARING COUGH
Is it that "tear your chest to pieces cough?"

GASPING, PAINFUL BREATHING
Does your cough leave you fighting for breath?

HARD DRY COUGH
Is it the hard cough that rasps your throat and chest like a file?

Whatever kind of Cough You Have, You Need VENOS *Lightning* COUGH CURE!

Whatever kind of Cough yours is one thing is certain. You must get rid of it AT ONCE. This is no time of the year to neglect a cough. Every hour it remains with you *increases the danger!* Start taking VENOS *Lightning* COUGH CURE TO-DAY! VENOS is the world-famous family remedy that acts up to its name! It stops your cough *like lightning!* It soothes your throat, protects the vitally important and delicate respiratory organs, allays inflammation, assists free breathing and ends the "nightmare" of constant choking paroxysms. Children are among the most prolific victims of the Winter Cough Menace. Make VENOS *Lightning* COUGH CURE their protection. Get a bottle TO-DAY!

VENOS Brand **LIGHTNING COUGH CURE**

SOLD EVERYWHERE 1/3 & 3/- Per Bottle

Here's a Profitable Pastime for Xmas

£100 in CASH PRIZES FREE!

Don't on any account miss this Special Contest.

5 separate prizes of £20 each must be won in a free, simple and fascinating competition of "Fitting Phrases," which appear on pages 21, 23, 25, 27 and 29. All you have to do is to place seven phrases which, in the opinion of the Advertisement Director of "John Bull," most aptly apply to each of the seven advertisements on each page. Simple, isn't it? No entrance fee! And two free coupons on each page to enable you to enter—10 in all! Coupons from all pages can be enclosed in same envelope (sealed 1½d. stamp).

Send in your entries NOW! Get all the family to help!

Turn to Pages 21, 23, 25, 27 and 29.

You've earned your leisure...

PARK DRIVE

for pleasure

5 FOR 2½D
10 FOR 5D
20 FOR 10D

PLAIN OR CORK TIPPED (MILD)

JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, Dec. 23, 1939. 93, Long Acre, W.C.2 Telephone: Temple Bar 2468

"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true"

REFUGEE TERRORISTS

GERMAN and Austrian refugees, escaping from Nazi persecution, are victims of a new terror. It comes from their own ranks, harasses them on the British soil where they found refuge from Hitler.

Controlling Councils

COMMUNISTS among the exiles now in this country have declared war on the rest of them. **They carry on this private war as ruthlessly as Hitler or Stalin would do, and already have claimed many victims.**

Organising themselves into groups, they have seized control of many refugee councils in Britain.

Vouching for Them

REDS boss an organisation claiming to represent all Austrian refugees. **They issue certificates to fellow-countrymen, pretend to vouch for them when they come before an official Aliens' Tribunal.**

Respectable Austrians, particularly Catholics, have been refused certificates.

Some have been denounced as Nazi spies and interned.

Political Tyranny

A BODY representing Czech refugees practises the same political tyranny. One prominent Czech, a socialist newspaper owner, was interned without the committee moving a finger to help him.

A well-known Catholic leader was denounced to the Home Office as a Nazi agent.

Unable to defend himself in broken English before the tribunal, he was classed as an enemy alien and interned.

Gestapo Victim

YET this man was abducted by Gestapo agents from Czechoslovakia three years ago and dragged into Germany. **All over the world newspapers exposed the outrage, the Czech Foreign Office got busy, and the Nazis released him.**

Now he's in a British internment camp!

Whispering Campaign

OTHER refugees are victims of Nazi whispering. In peace time, a malicious suggestion that a man is a spy does not carry much weight with our authorities.

But it is entered in his dossier. When war comes, it may be the deciding factor between his liberty and interment.

Convenient way for the Nazis to be rid of bitter enemies!

Taking No Chances

THERE'S no complaint that tribunals or the Home Office are too strict in their treatment of refugees. **Britain is at war; can take no chances with suspected foreigners.**

What graver suspicion can rest on a man than that his fellow-victims of Nazism distrust him?

But the authorities should analyse the motives underlying these denunciations.

It's Not So Bad

NEWSPAPERS that unfailingly report "a record Christmas" each year will probably be more restrained this time. Actually Christmas trade has been unexpectedly good.

Last week a big London store had to recruit hurriedly an extra sixty assistants to supplement the extra staff already engaged.

Other stores have cleared nearly all their peace time stocks, all except the purely luxury businesses have been surprised at their own turnover.

Whitehall Confident

EXPORT trade rose last month to approximately **£40,000,000.** In the first month of war it was only **£25,000,000;** in October, **£26,000,000.**

Confidently predicted in Whitehall that this month's figures will show another cheery rise.

Still a Mystery

UNEMPLOYMENT returns continue to recover from the industrial dislocation caused by war. Ministry of Labour now plans to seek jobs for workless professional and business people who do not usually use employment exchanges.

This scheme has been generally welcomed; employers are co-operating.

No one explains why it wasn't started three months ago, or why any decent man is still jobless in these times of intensive national effort.

The New Phase

WAR now promises to be speeded up.

Not only in the air, but also on sea and in the munition factories.

You may reckon that last week's mixed news—

Not a record Christmas—but it's been grand for trade!

escape of the *Bremen* and the *New York*, the battle in the South Atlantic—began a new phase in the war.

Britain is Ready

NEXT phase will be renewal of the U-Boat campaign. Nazi submarine production is nearing its peak. Nazi munition production is to be doubled.

Every aspect of German industrial policy is to be subordinated to this end.

Britain's War Cabinet is prepared.

Behind the Fuehrer

THAT'S why newspapers warned you last week, as JOHN BULL has always done, that most of Germany is still solid behind Hitler.

Absurd to minimise discontent existing among more enlightened Germans.

Still more absurd to reckon that the war may soon be ended without any big effort.

Changes Soon

GIANT efforts will have to be made. Big changes must be made in our organisation. JOHN BULL predicts that in the New Year the Government will really begin to harness all its resources in the cause of national defence.

Tackling Muddle

UNEMPLOYMENT will be tackled. So will the muddling apparent in food, fuel and other forms of control.

Although the Prime Minister has declined to appoint an economic Minister with Cabinet rank, he is expected to give way shortly to the arguments of his fellow-Ministers, the T.U.C. and employers.

(Continued overleaf.)

"A National Inspiration."—G.F.W., Runcorn

FREE AIR RAID INSURANCE

A £200 POLICY

Underwritten at LLOYD'S

FOR EVERY "JOHN BULL" READER

See page 3

Christmas Greetings to all our friends

• Solicitor-Janitor
• Home-Front C.-in-C.
• Nazis are so busy

POINT is that work that should be directed by one man is spread over half a dozen Departments, hence overlapping, gaps and confusion.

They want the Commander-in-Chief of the Home Front for whom JOHN BULL called in the first month of war.

This Must Stop

A FINANCIAL journal of great influence, the *Economist*, attacks another weakness that will have to be remedied before long.

Nearly every official controller has been selected from the trade he controls; some have changed prices or trade methods to the benefit of their own section of the industry and to the detriment of the consumers.

Butcher's Troubles

AS for muddle, one grocer has only enough tea for a quarter of his customers.

A Fulham butcher, lucky to get four lambs and one sheep a week—less than half his normal requirements—has been offered one pig if he takes a side of English beef, which he can't sell in his poor district.

No doubt big organisations are getting far better supplies than the little retailers.

That, too, will have to be remedied.

Be Reasonable

NOW for a rebuke to some of our readers. Mr. Hore-Belisha's promise of Christmas leave for the troops doesn't mean that every man can be home for this week-end.

You can't expect the whole B.E.F. to be brought home in a batch, leaving their line unguarded!

Should be Kicked

CAUSE for complaint is that Reservists called up in August, told they would get Christmas leave and made plans to be married, have now had to cancel the wedding because their leave has been postponed till March.

Even in war, that's something for which the War Office should be kicked.

Nothing Known

R.A.S.C. appealed for drivers, typists and accountants to go to France. Appeal was published in good faith by newspapers last week.

Men hastened to recruiting offices, only to be told that nothing was known about it!

Far Too Familiar

THEN there's Cardiff City Council's revelation that a solicitor, who left the town clerk's office to join up, is spending most of his time scrubbing floors

Another too-familiar stupidity that we expect to be ended in the big new war drive.

Behind Themselves

ALSO readers complain that post offices have refused parcels for men in France at the new low rates.

One woman was told that she could not send a parcel of more than 15 lb. to her soldier son—that was a privilege reserved for officers only.

Changes in the Post Office are clearly overdue.

Challenge Accepted

MR. HORE-BELISHA is due for trouble.

Mrs. Adamson, M.P., told him that girls in Government offices were likely to lose their jobs unless they joined one of the women's defence services, which might mean the same employment at lower pay.

Hore-Belisha was so shocked that he challenged Mrs. Adamson to produce the evidence.

She has.

A girl who was dismissed joined up and has now been drafted to her old job!

The Air Policy

NOW look round the world. French writers are demanding more bombers. "Don't let's lose a day or an hour!" they cry.

They argue that Hitler won't refrain from mass bombing attacks unless certain of violent reprisals.

Yet Captain Liddell Hart urges Britain to concentrate on defence aircraft, so that most Nazi raids could be foiled off the coast.

British policy has long been to have powerful fleet of fighter planes, also considerable numbers of heavy bombers.

500,000 Jailed

BEHIND Gamelin's statement that the Nazis have not dared launch a major offensive are official figures from Germany to show the reason.

Of greater Germany's total manpower of 38,000,000, one man in eight between the ages of 18 and 50 belongs to some branch of the Gestapo.

Half a million more, excluding Jews, are in concentration camps, guarded by nearly as many troops.

New Siegfried Line

FORTY divisions are necessary to prevent open rebellion in Czechoslovakia. Fifty more are in Poland, a further twenty-five employed on building a new Siegfried Line on the Russian Frontier.

A million first-line troops kept away from the Front!

War Production

GARRISON duties in Austria account for 500,000 men. Nazi munition works call for three million workers (not women) to carry on war production.

Behind the News . . .

SPENDING £5,000 on Christmas programmes, the B.B.C. starts new policy of bigger and better variety. Light entertainment will cost £2,000 a week.

☆

Not likely that beer will be weakened before end of February, though barley is having to be diverted from brewers to farmers for cattle fodder.

☆

No Tower of London spy executions this time. Nazi agents have been sent into quiet "retirement." Nazi bosses are kept guessing.

☆

A number of spies were caught because, desperate for information, they clumsily tried to pass themselves off as newspaper reporters, and asked suspicious questions at ports and railway stations used by troops.

☆

With a million pounds tucked away outside Germany, Goering is still looking after family interests. His brother has been appointed director of the huge Skoda arms works in Czechoslovakia.

☆

Hitler's latest "peace move" is an effort to switch the war. His envoys are sounding Italian and Spanish rulers about uniting Germany, Britain, France, Spain and Italy in war against Russia!

☆

Disappearance of his half-brother Alois from Berlin does not mean that Alois is in disgrace.

He's always kept mum. Object is to blackmail his son William into giving up writing nasty articles about Uncle Adolf in foreign newspapers. A gentle hint, in other words.

☆

Latest Nazi dissension. Ribbentrop wanted immediate recognition of Stalin's puppet government in Finland. Goering went into opposition and was supported by Hitler for once.

☆

China is preparing new offensive against Japan, has intensively trained ten million troops, formed new air force with 700 front-line aircraft, to be increased by 70 a month.

☆

Restoration of Spanish monarchy is expected within a year. Proposed new king is Alfonso's second son, pro-British Infante Juan, only male Bourbon not suffering from the family's hereditary disease of hæmophilia.

Want Their Money

FURTHER hitch in Rumanian-German trade has unexpectedly been caused by Russia holding up oil on its way to Germany through Russian Poland.

Russians want the money due to them from Berlin before they'll release it.

Sabotage Plans

FRENCH Secret Service has seized Nazi plans to sabotage sewerage systems of great cities, and printing materials for forging military and naval orders.

"Lift the banner high and victoriously in the face of the hell-hounds!"

THE call of Christmas comes to us this season in a dark hour.

But the darker and wilder the night the more need is there for the beacon light to shine over the waters.

In this sense there was never a time when the spirit of Christmas needed to burn more brightly and challengingly before men.

For the war into which Hitler has plunged Europe is not merely about territories, economic gains and political power.

It is a war against the whole spiritual foundations of human society, its faith, its liberties, its humanities, its standards of conduct, its creed of justice, all that is embodied in what we understand by the Christian civilisation.

What Hitler and his new ally, Stalin, aim at is nothing less than the destruction of the entire fabric, spiritual, moral and material, that has been built up by two thousand years of sacrifice and struggle, and the substitution of a frenzied diabolism.

For the gospel of Christ they offer us the gospel of anti-Christ—for freedom tyranny, for the creed of love the creed of hate, for justice the barbarities of brute force.

For peace they offer us war, for the rights of man the torture chamber and the concentration camp, for international co-operation ceaseless international conspiracy.

This is not the programme of mere gangsters. It is the calculated policy of two monsters of evil such as the world has not seen in power since the days of Genghis Khan.

It you doubt it read Rauschning's "Hitler Speaks" (*reviewed on page* 17) and Souveraine's "Stalin." They are pictures of human depravity that chill the blood.

IT is against this degradation of the human soul that the world is at war.

Therefore I say this is no time to despair of the spirit of Christmas.

IT IS THE MOMENT TO LIFT THE BANNER OF THAT SPIRIT HIGH AND VICTORIOUSLY IN THE FACE OF THE HELL-HOUNDS WHOSE FANGS DRIP WITH THE BLOOD OF THEIR THOUSANDS OF INNOCENT VICTIMS.

I say victoriously because I know that in the end, be it soon or late, this wave of barbarism will be rolled back into the abyss of horror from which it sprang.

If I did not know that, I should wish to perish rather than see the extinction of all that makes human life worthy to be lived.

But knowing that, I do not wish to perish. I wish to hail another Christmas morning when this astonishing episode of insanity and crime has become a memory.

Without venturing into the realm of exact prophecy, I think that Christmas morning is not remote.

In saying this I am conscious that, like most people, I am the the creature of my own hopes.

Making due allowance for that, let us look at the main features of the struggle on which a conviction can be founded.

We are all agreed that it is a strange war—so unlike the lightning affair that Hitler promised us that we can still hardly believe the witness of our own senses.

What is the explanation? I think it is clear, both from the fact and the revelations of "Mein Kampf." *It is that Hitler never expected to have to wage a war.*

He believed that, having secretly built up a vast military machine, and having created an atmosphere of panic, he could then by his policy of "limited objectives"—a push here, a thrust there, now an olive branch, now a threat—get Europe so on the run and so confused that it would never be able to face about and call his bluff.

He was strengthened in this view by two misleading things—the internal disruption created by the Communists in France, which enabled him to play up to the Flandin Fascist crowd, and the deeply rooted pacifism of this country.

He miscalculated the astonishing resilience of France in the presence of danger, and he believed our pacifism was the result of fatty degeneration and fear, and not of a sincere passion for peace.

He made another miscalculation. He thought that even if war came he could buy off France.

In a word, he blundered into war on false premises. And then he blundered some more.

Panic-stricken at the discovery that the clumsy Ribbentrop had misled him both about England and France, he turned and flung himself under the protection of the man he had so fittingly described as "the scum of the earth."

Thus he renounced the whole sham of Nazism with which he had humbugged Italy and Spain and a good many dolts in this country and everywhere where the fear of Communism prevailed.

And again he had miscalculated. Britain and France did not collapse at the fraternal embraces of Hitler and the "scum of the earth." Quite the contrary.

They now at last had taken the measure of their man, and were going to talk to him in the only language he understood.

WHAT had collapsed was the precious Axis. And so it came about that Hitler faced a war he had not expected, and of a kind he had never contemplated. No support from Italy. No support from Spain. No access to the Mediterranean.

He had relieved France of the fear of war on three fronts, and enormously enhanced our supremacy at sea. He was friendless except for the aforesaid "scum," to whom he had sacrified all his dreams of eastern conquest, no doubt with the expectation that when he had won in the West he could drive the Russian rabble before him in the East.

So the lightning war went astray. Blocked in the East by his new friend, and immobilised in the West, warned off by his generals from an attack on Holland, still hoping (fruitlessly) to buy off France, he has been reduced to his last desperate crime against the law of nations, the sowing of the seas with dynamite.

In so far as there is a war, it is a war against us and us alone.

We must not underrate his power to damage us, and there may be perilous times ahead.

BUT we have survived murder on the high seas before, and I think we shall survive it this time.

And the daily tale of the war in the air encourages us to believe that we have got the whip-hand there.

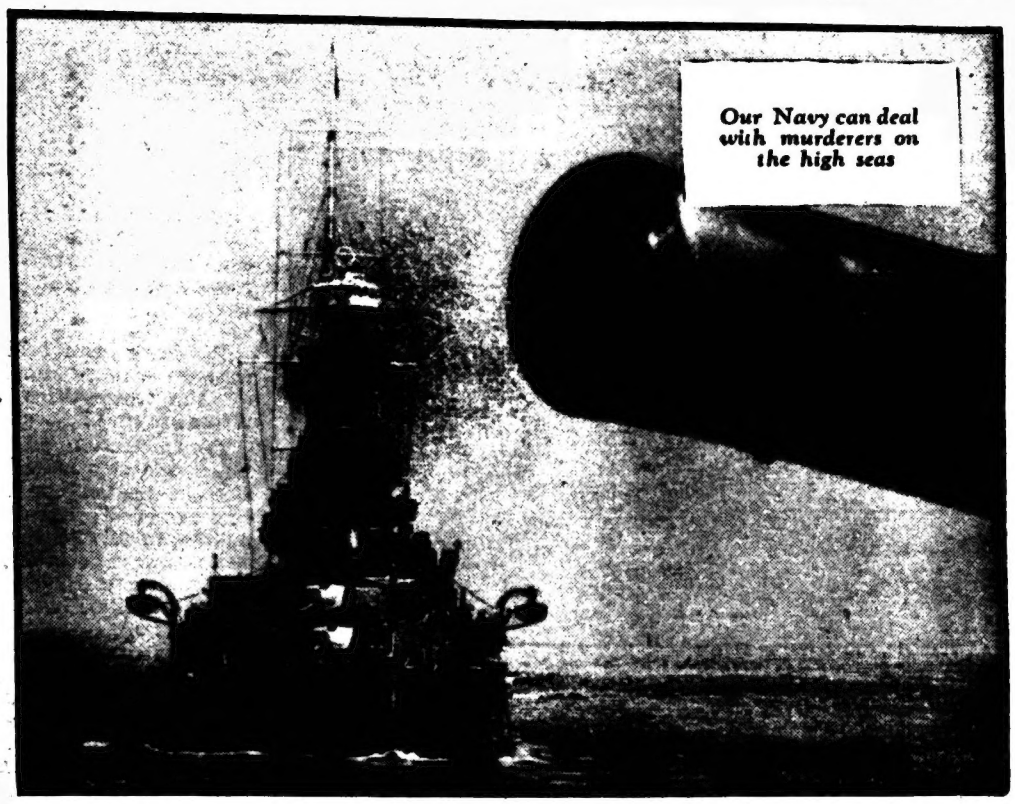
I have no space in which to refer to other important factors in the struggle, such as finance, the economic position of Germany, her internal discontents, the smouldering fires of Poland, Czechoslovakia and Austria, and the desperate attempts of Hitler to divert the war to Asia Minor and India.

I HAVE SAID THAT THIS IS A WAR FOR THE DEFENCE OF THE SPIRITUAL VALUES OF HUMAN LIFE, NOT IN EUROPE ONLY, BUT ALL OVER THE WORLD.

It is that fact which gives us the most confident assurance of victory.

For in the end "the stream of tendency that makes for righteousness" is invincible.

Let us therefore acclaim the most human and beautiful of our festivals with the confidence that the spirit of Christmas will survive and triumph over the nightmare of Hitlerism.



—THAT'S THE SPIRIT!

by

A.G.Gardiner

CHRISTMAS IN OUR HEARTS

By "J. M."

THERE'S always a Christmas in our hearts, old memories warm and dear, the laughter and the friendliness, the tenderness, the tear. The good will and the charity, and that touch of something rare, the Spirit of The Little Child Who was born a Cross to bear.

THERE'S always a Christmas in our hearts, there's Christmas Carols too. There's Christmas cards and holly, the mistletoe and yew. There's the dear old homeland churches pealing their Christmas Chimes, reminding us of joys to come and of Happier, Peaceful Times.

THERE'S always Christmas in our hearts, and though some of us must spend the time we love the most of all away from home and friend, not all the distance in the world can separate nor part, the Hope, the Comfort, and the Peace of Christmas in our Heart.

AND so may every one of us, this fateful Christmas Day, spare just one heart-filled moment wherein our souls may pray; to Him Who Gave us Christmas to give us once again that Peace which will restore the World to The Kingdom of the Sane.

Here are the Answers

Cotton must go full steam ahead for export purposes

There is a great wealth of other valuable metals and exhaustless timber supplies.

She has a wonderful industrial system. Bofors is superbly equipped, sixth largest armaments factory in the world.

*

We have been told that we may have to go short of some of the "necessities of life." What are they?

They are cotton, coal and wool. Linen and silk materials follow closely. Reason for a possible shortage will have little or nothing to do with enemy action against our imports of raw materials.

The first three head the list of our exports.

We exported £70,000,000 worth of cotton goods in 1917, the last year for which statistics are available, £40,000,000 of wool, £40,000,000 of coal. And there was about £22,000,000 of linen, silk and jute goods.

Like Hitler, we must "export or die."

We must sell manufactured goods abroad to get the foreign exchange to help carry on the war. So you may have to make do with last year's suit, because it pays Britain better to sell a suit in the Argentine than to us at home.

*

Why must relatives of Navy men have to pay high rates, such as 2s. 6d. and even 5s., for small parcels?

Chief cause is that movements of all naval vessels are secret. All parcels must be sent c/o G.P.O., and senders are invited to state, or, rather, guess, whether ships are in home or foreign waters.

Nine times out of ten they do not know and the Post Office automatically charges high foreign rates.

It seems unfair, but the G.P.O. can offer no remedy while ship movements are secret.

R.A.F. Saw "Bremen," Too

Was the German liner *Bremen* sighted by any British craft besides the submarine which first announced her position?

Aircraft of the Coastal Command were continually circling over the *Bremen* from dawn until she entered Heligoland Bight. They too, of course, were bound by the law that unarmed ships must not be attacked.

*

We have been hearing about "ersatz," or substitute materials invented by German chemists. Has ersatz been included yet in food?

Dr. Frederick Bergius, famous German chemist, produces a food from sawdust that has the same value as barley. He extracts a sugar, which forms protein when mixed with yeast. This is fed to pigs and becomes fat for human consumption.

Out of any given quantity of sawdust he gets 60 per cent. sugar, 5 per cent. acetic acid, and 35 per cent. lignin or wood residue. This can be made into charcoal or wallboard.

The whole process is a practical and commercial success. Unfortunately, we have denuded our forests until we have not the timber to spare for conversion into sawdust.

*

If the Anglo-Turkish Pact will not prevent Russian adventures in South-East Europe, what are the benefits of that Pact?

Although full terms of the Pact have not been disclosed, it means that there can be no need for us to divert our strength by hard campaigns in Palestine and Mesopotamia, and that all British and French interests in the Near East are safe against uprisings engineered from within.

Also, the Suez Canal is safe.

If the trend of the war makes it strategically desirable that our troops should get into Europe by the "tradesmen's entrance" in the South-East, there will be no need for a costly storming of the Dardanelles.

Without the Pact, Germany could have made things awkward. With the Pact it can do nothing against us in the Near East.

*

Why has Sweden called up soldiers to be in a state of "preparedness"?

Despite Russia's invasion of Finland, Sweden considers herself mainly threatened by Germany. A Nazi attack is expected because strategically an occupation of Sweden is the only way by which Germany can arrest the Russian advance across the Baltic.

Economically, because Sweden is perhaps the most tempting prize in Europe.

Her iron ore deposits are the finest and almost the largest in existence.

The Human Machine

TO have "a philosophy of life" is to possess a code of conduct, an idea of what life and its problems will be, how they will tend to affect us, and how we intend to conduct ourselves. This is well illustrated by "Doc Savage," a character in American fiction. Every story about him is preceded by his "code," by his philosophy of life:

"Let me strive every moment of my life to make myself better and better, to the best of my ability, that all may profit by it.

"Let me think of the right, and lend all my assistance to those who need it, with no regard for anything but justice.

"Let me take what comes with a smile, without loss of courage.

"Let me be considerate of my country, of my fellow-citizens and my associates in everything I say and do. Let me do right to all and wrong to no man."

King George the Fifth had the "philosophy of life" hanging over his desk:

"Teach me neither to proffer nor to receive cheap advice. Teach me neither to cry for the moon nor over spilt milk. Teach me to win if I may.

"If I may not win, then, above all, teach me to be a good loser.

"If I am called upon to suffer, let me be like a well-bred animal that goes away to suffer in silence.

"Teach me to distinguish between sentiment and sentimentality, admiring the one and despising the other."

Robert Louis Stevenson had his code:

"To work a little harder, and with determination and intelligence. To remember enough of the past to profit by its mistakes. To worry never, but to think seriously of the future and not only of to-day.

"To play the game.

"To be cheerful and keep smiling. To perform my duties faithfully. To develop courage and self-reliance. To be kind to dogs and other dumb animals."

That's what it means to have a philosophy of life. Write down your own, and see how far you can carry it out in your daily life.

Imaginary Interview on the Black-Out Bus

Objection Overruled

FARES? Any more fares? . . . You asleep, young fellow me lad? There's no free rides on *this* 'bus, although we do "carry passengers," which is more than the country can afford to do.

Oh, you wos "only thinking" and that's why you didn't 'ear me shahting for fares? . . . That's all right wiv me. You don't look like a ticket-dodger, and, wot's more, you're abaht 22, ain't yer?

You won't be using 'buses much longer. Not you! You'll be forming three and doing "knees bend!"

Wot's that you say, chum?—They'll never 'ave you in khaki? . . . Why not? Joining the Air Force, p'r'aps, or the Navy? . . . No? . . . "Nothing like that"? . . . 'Ard lines! You look fit so I s'pose it must be 'eart disease or varyclose veins?

You're a conscientious objector?

Well, that's different, and no wonder you wos thinking! A bloke 'as got to think 'fore he can ride on *that* ticket . . .

Mind you, I'm not sneering at the "conchies," young feller. One of my best pals was an objector, too; only that wos in the last war.

'E 'ad pluck and plenty of it.

Served 'is time like a good 'un, 'e did, but 'e wos in jail 'stead of being at the front. They used to send 'em to prison then. They don't nah and a good job.

Still . . . seems funny to me 'ow many conchies fink there's something to be prahd of in refusing to fight for the old country. I don't mind 'em not fighting if it's against their principles, but they ought to 'ave enough sense to see that if any country wos ever worth fighting for this is the one!

Wot would 'appen to you, f'rinstance, if you wos a "conchie" in Berlin 'stead of London? . . . You're right; it 'ardly bears thinking of. Yet, if I wos a German, I might very well 'ave conscientious objections to little old 'Itler's war!

You think it's wrong to 'elp forward the war in any way? . . . You wouldn't raise a 'and to defend yourself, or your 'ome, or your family, let alone old Blighty itself? . . . Well, it seems crazy to me, but my pal was just like you and 'e was a grand bloke.

Fact is, there's three kinds of "conchies." Them wot could be martyrs for the faith that's in them; them 'oo 'ave swallowed a lot of books and talk without digesting much of 'em; and the real old "lead swingers" 'oo 'aven't got a conscience at all.

Me own boy's joining up pretty soon and e's got no use for war.

'E knows it's a crazy, 'orrid business, but 'e says, "Dad, we're fighting for freedom, ain't we? We're fighting so that we can go on saying what we like, believing wot we choose, reading wot we fancy, 'aving our own unions and backing our own Parties. An' that seems a good fight."

You don't feel like that? . . . Well, I don't blame you, young feller. It's all a matter of conscience and it'd be a bad day for the country if we wos to try to force men to go against their convictions.

Only, when you go in front of the tribunal, just remember one thing.

If it wasn't for the lads 'oo are ready to fight, like me own boy, the day might come when fellers like you wouldn't get exemption any longer.

They'd just be flung into one of them concentration camps or stood up against a wall.

Queer, ain't it? Only goes to show that freedom ain't a free gift.

It's always 'ad to be fought for ever since the world began.

Sir WALTER WOMER
Minister of Pensions

DEAR SIR,—

THE son of Mrs. Jacl
his life in the *Ro*
a sick woman.
totally disabled in the
Yet you refuse her a
Mrs. Rollo, also of
from diabetes.
She, too, lost a son
No pension for her!
James Younger, of
served in the Navy for
was another victim o
disaster. His mother
lives alone.
Because she has th
and a tiny pension be
was killed in the last
been "under conside
months. It may be re
Such meanness is i
defiance of the wishe
I have already expo
ness of the new gene
laid down.
See that they are
JOHN BULL.

Mr. A. OWEN WILLIA
Pembrokeshire P.A.C.

SIR,—Fame should be
stupid remark.
Much as I endorse you
assistance committee allow
appalled that any fellow-co
have added: "If you don't
have soldiers for the next
That is the mentality
determined to destoy.—JOH

JAMES REES,
Lydstep Farm, Pembrok

DEAR REES,—To-day a
has worked on Lydstep
is worrying his heart out.
The reason is that or
from his cottage.
The judge could not u
should treat an employe
years.
I can—it's that rotte
should have been scrapped

WILFRED BARRETT,
Walcot Avenue, Luton

BARRETT,—Most despis
tarily live in a land they
Twice you refused
objectors' tribunal. Wh
it was to declare:—
"I have no love for
"Its working classes
sub-normal; its upper cla
egoism and unresponsibil
England has no love
would be no dismay if yo
or Hottentots.—JOHN BU

- They are the Forgotten Women
- 35 years' service in vain
- Not So Wise

Open Letters and Telegrams

Sir WALTER WOMERSLEY, M.P.,
Minister of Pensions

DEAR SIR,—

THE son of Mrs. Jack, of Dundee, lost his life in the *Royal Oak*. She is a sick woman. Her husband was totally disabled in the last war.

Yet you refuse her a pension.

Mrs. Rollo, also of Dundee, suffers from diabetes.

She, too, lost a son in the *Royal Oak*. No pension for her!

James Younger, of the same city, served in the Navy for twenty-two years, was another victim of the Scapa Flow disaster. His mother is seventy-one and lives alone.

Because she has the old age pension and a tiny pension because another son was killed in the last war, her claim has been "under consideration" for two months. It may be rejected

Such meanness is infamous. It is in defiance of the wishes of the nation.

I have already exposed the heartlessness of the new general pension scales laid down.

See that they are revised at once!—JOHN BULL.

Mr. A. OWEN WILLIAMS,
Pembrokeshire P.A.C.

SIR,—Fame should be yours for the year's most stupid remark.

Much as I endorse your plea for a better public assistance committee allowance for children, I am appalled that any fellow-countryman of mine should have added: "If you don't nourish them you won't have soldiers for the next war."

That is the mentality that British parents are determined to destoy.—JOHN BULL.

JAMES REES,
Lydstep Farm, Pembrokeshire

DEAR REES,—To-day a sixty-five-year-old man who has worked on Lydstep Farm for thirty-five years is worrying his heart out. You know why.

The reason is that order you hold to evict him from his cottage.

The judge could not understand why an employer should treat an employee like that after so many years.

I can—it's that rotten tied-cottage system that should have been scrapped years ago.—JOHN BULL.

WILFRED BARRETT,
Walcot Avenue, Luton

BARRETT,—Most despised are the people who voluntarily live in a land they hate.

Twice you refused to attend a conscientious objectors' tribunal. When at last you appeared, it was to declare:—

"I have no love for England.

"Its working classes are dirty, lazy, foolish and sub-normal; its upper classes are ridiculous figures of egoism and unresponsibility."

England has no love for such prigs as you. There would be no dismay if you decided to live among Nazis or Hottentots.—JOHN BULL.

Lord DENHAM
Parl. Secretary, Ministry of Agriculture

MY LORD,—Let me tell you of a man of forty, with a lifetime's knowledge of farm work, skilled as cowman and tractor-driver, who has advertised in vain for a job. Yet he cannot join the Army because his occupation is reserved.

He writes in perplexity to me, but I can tell him only that his plight is shared by thousands, even though our idle acres should now be used to grow food, war's greatest necessity.

Put on your thinking cap!—JOHN BULL.

SHEFFIELD CITY COUNCIL

GENTLEMEN,—We must spend wisely, yet save all we can, to help win the war.

But in your whimsical wisdom, you are issuing 23,000 free calendars to Corporation tenants at a cost of £400.

Will that seem necessary spending when the city rates soar?—JOHN BULL.

Major FRANK JACKSON,
London Fire Brigade

DEAR MAJOR,—No complaint that London's auxiliary firemen have to scrub fire stations. That has always been part of the duty of regular firemen.

But a charwoman, employed for fifteen years in L.C.C. offices over a certain fire station, has been dismissed and A.F.S. men instructed to do her work!

There'll be a jet of hot water directed at someone's head if our civil defenders are expected to become blacklegs.—JOHN BULL.

JACK JONES, M.P.

DEAR JACK,—It makes my heart sad to hear that you are seriously ill, almost blind.

For many years your jests in the Commons hid physical pain. You kept it secret even from most of your fellow-Members.

Nobody will forget your half-century's fight for labourers. All of us would like to think that Parliament will hear you again.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. Sir KINGSLEY WOOD, M.P.,
Secretary for Air

DEAR SIR,—Grossly unfair that, while millions of poorly paid workers and the unemployed are rightly getting heavier pay packets, your civilian ex-Service-men labourers receive only 48s. a week, less insurance.

Many of them have to pay £1 a week rent, and their families are gravely hit by dearer living costs.

I have previously called your attention to their plight. Delay no longer in granting them the bonus they earn so well.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. CHARLES DOUGHTY, K.C.,
Military Service (Allowances) Committee

DEAR CHAIRMAN,—Although you have power to pay up to £2 a week, you give only 13s. to an Eastbourne woman whose soldier husband has a heavy mortgage on his house.

She is faced with the impossible task of keeping herself and her baby on less than four shillings a week after her Government allowances have been swallowed by various liabilities.

I trust this case is not typical of the dealings of your much-acclaimed committee.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. W. BRIGGS,
Huddersfield Stipendiary

YOUR WORSHIP,—The police had a good case when opposing a Boxing Day extension until 2 a.m. for a dance. They said millworkers would be too tired to turn out the maximum output next day.

Your case was better.

Granting the application, you pointed out that people must have relaxation even in war time.

Work of national importance can be hampered more by boredom than relaxation, especially in these days of black-out gloom and long-drawn suspense. —JOHN BULL.

CHURCHILL: *Bremen* **episode should focus attention on inhumanity and increasing ruthlessness of Nazi sea warfare, give us satisfaction that our hands are still clean. We can rely on you to keep 'em clean despite all provocation.—JOHN BULL.**

STANLEY, Board of Trade: Stop cotton gambling, all exploitation of Britain's necessities. If job too big for you, find another 'ole. —JOHN BULL.

GOERING: So your Four-Year Plan is shattered by lack of materials due to our blockade, your Balkan trade collared by our agents. Tell friend Goebbels to soft-pedal his "inefficient, lazy, decadent English" sneers.—JOHN BULL.

War Measures and You
By a Barrister M.P.

PEOPLE frequently ask whether the owner of a small one-man business that must close down if he leaves it, is liable for service with the armed forces. What steps, they ask, can be taken to try to obtain exemption?

All men in Great Britain between 18 and 41 are liable for service unless they are aliens, blind or mentally deficient, ministers of religion, British subjects, who have lived abroad more than two years, or are resident here as students or as employees of another Government within the Empire.

Provision is made for individuals to claim temporary exemption if excessive hardship would be caused by their joining up.

Those seeking exemption *must* register at the local Labour Exchange on the day announced for their group.

When called to undergo medical examination, they *must* within two days apply to the Minister of Labour on a form provided for what is called a Postponement Certificate.

Applications for these certificates made after the lapse of two days are automatically dismissed unless the Minister can be satisfied the delay was unavoidable.

The Minister can grant the Certificate or refer it to a Military Service (Hardship) Committee, consisting of a chairman, and a representative each of employers and workers.

Appeals from their decisions can be taken to an Umpire, sitting with two assessors. Such appeals must be lodged within twenty-one days of a committee's verdict.

An application based on individual circumstances may be granted only if refusal would cause greater hardship to the applicant than that caused generally to men called up.

An application based on domestic circumstances may be granted only if refusal would cause greater hardship to dependants, whether living with the applicant or not, than that caused generally to dependants of men called up.

An application based on business interests may be granted only if the business cannot be carried on in the applicant's absence.

GRIN and BEAR it!

By OLIVER PLUSH

Sing a song of Christmas
While fumbling for your purse;
Things have oft been better,
But still they might be worse;
At least, no ersatz pudding
Will mar our Christmas cheer;
We've even saved our bacon
Until the coming year!

Sing a song of Christmas!
The turkey's met its fate,
And mince pies, just as usual,
Our kind attention wait.

To prove that we're blockaded
Herr Goebbels vainly tries,
But Yuletide indigestion
Will show the world he lies!

Flying Blind

Old Binks, who set out from Hornsea to post a letter in Holloway the other night in the black-out, is having quite a nice time in Peterborough. He says he didn't know it was such a pleasant place.

He's coming back to London in the daylight, though, as he's pretty sure he wouldn't like Bradford.

Extra! Extra!

An agency message from Little Snooting, quoting the Upper Hogwash Free Press, mentions a report which reaches Hopeless-in-the-Wold from the Lesser Podbury correspondent of the Dump-in-the-Dales Gazette, to the effect that Ladysmith has been relieved.

There is no confirmation of this in Muddlemuck-on-the-Moor.

Patriotic Percy

In order not to take the bread out of somebody's mouth in these difficult times, the Hon. Percival Bligh-Mee, who has never done a day's work in his life, has decided not to do a day's work till the war is over.

This is, he says, his war-work.

Sez 'Enery

"I see as 'ow a bloke wot uster be a prominent Nasty sez that 'Itler's bughouse," remarked 'Enery.

"So you've been reading Dr. Hermann Rauschning's book, eh?"

"No, I 'aven't. It don't need no book to tell me that th' Foohrer's off 'is onion. Spare me days, it's as plain as your face!"

"Thanks!"

"An' I don't wonder at it, neither. If you wos 'Itler an' 'ad bin done out of yer blinkin' blitzkrieg, wouldn't you be mad?"

"Maybe."

"There's no 'Maybe' abaht it. I see this doctor bloke sez as Adolf wakes up in th' night shriekin' an' shoutin' like blazes."

"Yes; doesn't sound too good."

"I'll say it don't! 'Strewth, you don't know wot a cove in that state'll do next. May mistake Fatty Goering for a balloon barrage an' 'ave 'im deflated."

"Let's hope!"

"An' wouldn't I larf a treat if 'e bit lil Goebbels in th' neck an' guv 'im 'ydrophobia!"

"It'd be better still if he did himself some injury."

"Well, 'e may get th' ideer into 'is 'ead that 'e's an ersatz Frankfurt an' start chewin' 'imself."

"As long as nobody stops him, it'll be O.K. by me!"

"Nah, nah! This is th' season of good will ain't it? Be a bit broad-minded."

"Broad-minded, eh? P'r'aps you'd be ready to wish Hitler a merry Christmas?"

"'Course I would—but only one, mind yer!"

"This Strange War"

In Colchester the A.F.S. is feeling rather sore,
In fact, their disaffection is acute,
An order having come that when a local councillor
Is sighted it's their duty to salute!
Though I own it's hard to see
Any sense in this decree,
No doubt 'twill help to pave the path to final victory!

And, since we're out to win the war and save this land of ours,
And give the enemy a nasty shock,
In bonnie Scotland magistrates are now demanding powers
To close the Glasgow pubs at eight o'clock!
Though, however much I try,
I can't see the reason why,
This, presumably, will help us to do Hitler in the eye!

"This strange war," Mr. Chamberlain has very truly said,
And Private Thomas Atkins thinks so, too,
When they tell him he's a hero, but deny his right to wed
Till the Colonel's seen the girl he has in view!
Though I've not discovered yet
If a blonde or a brunette
Is the type preferred by Colonels when on winning wars they're set!

Not Wanted

The public-spirited action of Professor B. Ifor Evans in resigning from the Ministry of Information, on the ground that he was not given enough work to do, is not at all surprising.

Prof. Evans was head of the Intelligence Division. . . .

His Mistake

Even their warmest admirers are surprised at the way the Finns are resisting Stalin's aggression.

"Damnitoffski," growls Joe.
When he hears how things go
And his hopes of a blitzkrieg diminish;
"'Twas according to plan
That aggression began,
But I didn't allow for the Finnish!"

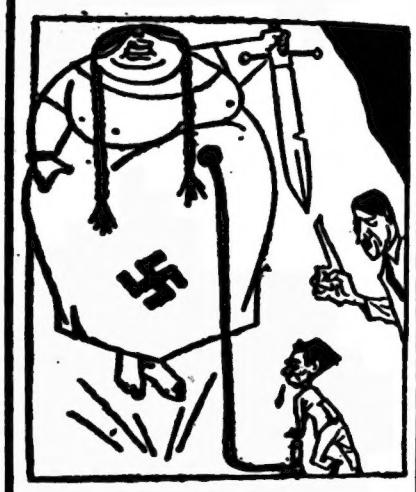
By BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

"You've come at rather a bad time to see over the line, Dad. We've got slight activity on the top floor to-day"

Through Other Eyes . . .

WAR CONFERENCE

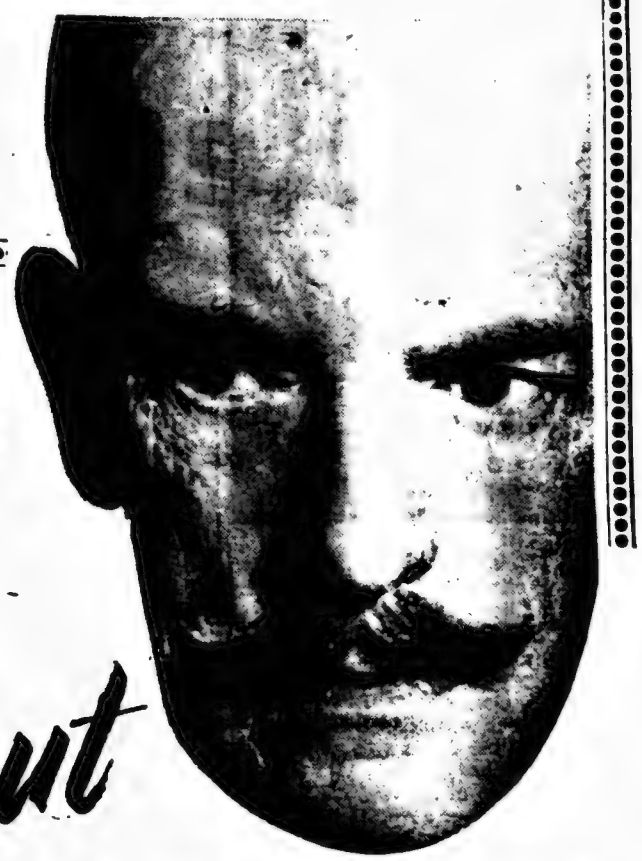
"Gentlemen, the way to win this horrible war is to wait for Peace."
—Gringoire, Paris



"Be careful with that hot air, Goebbels. She'll burst."

—Gothenburg Handels, Sweden

Sir Wyndham Childs *looks back on his 1939 victories in his great campaign against tyranny and injustice, roguery and fraud, and warns those slippery scoundrels still unpunished that he is determined to make them suffer for their crimes.*



"I am watching war time swindlers. They had better think again before going on with their schemes"

CADS without CONSCIENCES

PEACE on earth, good will towards men! All the good wishes in the world cannot bring much peace this Christmas, but good will survives, even if only in many little human kindnesses, such as the contributions, often anonymous, to our "Greatest of These" Fund.

They are a refreshing relief to the sinister side of life which it is the function of my department to expose.

Many of the persons coming within this sphere deserve neither peace nor good will, and in looking to the end of another year I make again my annual resolution to give them no quarter in the New Year.

My dossiers for 1939 are gratifying.

Some of the worst scoundrels on whom I turned the searchlight of my weekly pages are now in jail. Others have been lucky enough to wriggle clear of the law, but in both instances I was able to save many of the victims they had marked down.

Rogues still at large might well pause to ponder on their contemptible handiwork. No doubt they are living luxuriously on money filched from the people they tricked and deceived.

Apart from these there is another class whose practices I have condemned over and over again.

Messrs. Herbert and Cole, alias Automatic Salesmen, Ltd., and Rentit, Ltd.! What, I wonder, are your reflections?

Do you remember Mrs. Hands, now a widow? After obtaining a judgment against her husband, you tried to secure your pound of flesh from her.

Do you recall the countless executions you have levied on married women, well knowing that they had no separate estate?

You gambled on their ignorance of the law!

DO you remember the case of Mrs. Thompson, which you lost?

You were ordered to pay £3 18s. 2d. costs. Yet, like the mean wretches that you are, you refused to pay these costs.

Eventually you did so, as you did in other instances, because you were threatened with a process of law under which you could not avoid paying.

Do you remember Mr. Martin, the small shopkeeper? He had only 5½d. in his pocket when his wife returned from work to find him dead.

She had to borrow from friends to pay the amount of a County Court order.

Although she returned your trumpery advertising frame, you two scoundrels still pursued her for nearly two years for £2 12s.

And Mr. C. J. Pickering, alias the Catherine Press and the British Travel Association, you have a few things to think about.

You countenanced the lies your travellers told to the unwary landladies whose signatures they needed for your ramshackle advertising schemes.

Do you remember the Withernsea woman? And the lies she was told in the letters from your office that are now on my files?

Will you think on Christmas Day of all the threats that came from your office—and are still pouring out?

You will have cause to remember them when these cases come before a County Court Judge, if ever you have the audacity to face one!

Mr. Readhead, a word with you!

You printed in England a kind of dictionary that you are impudent enough to describe as an encyclopædia. It is a shoddy affair. Still, you call yourself Consolidated World Research Society, Ltd.

You flatter people, then persuade them to accept a free gift of your American junk, provided they will express their opinion of its value, when your travellers are actually securing a contract involving the payment of a comparatively large sum of money.

You are now running around the country trying to talk these disillusioned people into a settlement. In all those instances where the records are in my possession you are wasting your time!

I would like to see the names of the eminent "scientists" gracing your Research Bureau. Recently you refused the list to one of my readers because it might be a breach of professional etiquette. Much as I dislike your American slang, I will permit myself to say "Oh yeah!"

Your Christmas Day reflections cannot make light of the bad year you have had and deserved.

I have also had some nasty things to say about the old-established Encyclopædia Britannica, now being foisted on the public by the same sharp practice sales methods.

To the man, whoever he may have been, of the firm of King and Wolton, now in liquidation, who instituted a system of advertisements for guidebooks impressively titled "Out and About," "Holiday Travel by Coach," and so on, I send a Christmas warning.

YOU thought it clever to permit travellers to pretend they were merely seeking information about available accommodation when, actually, they were obtaining orders for advertisements of more than doubtful value. They did it by a trick, which was condoned by you.

Many victims had to sell treasured belongings to satisfy judgments you obtained in County Courts. Hundreds who wrote to me in time were saved. Think of that this Christmas and it may salve your conscience a little.

That will, I assure you, be among my most pleasant reflections. It is the part of my department's work that gives me the greatest satisfaction.

I look back through the year on hundreds of cases where this help has been sought in time, where summonses, threats and attempted coercion were defeated and County Court proceedings abandoned at the last moment.

Grateful letters for the service are my most treasured possessions. I delight in my recollections of the astonished "What!—is there *nothing* to pay?"

That gratifying work will continue.

To you travellers, who have been parties to these despicable methods, I want to say that I realise the temptation you had to face.

I have talked to many of you and know that with a wife and family in these hard times you were so up against grim necessity that you were forced to forget your honour.

With no salary, and having to depend on your illicit commissions, many of you accepted employment that has really disgusted you.

SEVERAL of you threw in your hands and I hope you now have decent jobs that do not compel you to prey on other people.

To back-door and front-door sneaks and pedlars of every conceivable form of deception, I extend the wish that when you call on a reader of JOHN BULL you will, as it has often been reported to me, "beat it down the garden path."

"Employment-with-investment" sharks won't have a rosy year to discuss. Too many people wrote to me in time, and next year I will make it harder than ever for you to pursue your mean calling.

Proprietors of so-called clinics and health institutions, sheltering behind alien qualifications, are you satisfied with the mischief you have caused during the year?

Tot up the hundreds of guineas you have extracted from unfortunate persons whose ailments you knew quite well were beyond cure.

One of you took fifty guineas from a friend of mine who was clutching at the last straw. The last time I saw him he was completely paralysed, yet you got your big fee from him before he died.

Finally, war time swindlers.

You are just beginning to show your hands, and I suppose your Christmas thoughts will be looking ahead, avariciously, to the pickings you think will be waiting for you in 1940.

I am watching you.

You had better not count your chickens too readily.

"Greatest of These . . ."

IT is easy at such a time as this to talk of the necessity of helping others if you are to practise the rudiments of a religion that made Christmas so great a part of our lives. But people with little to give often find that charity must end as well as begin at home.

Yet even so, they could spare perhaps a little. And every little offering to others in distress soon becomes a lot.

You can't get away from the terrible poverty of some families now facing Christmas with empty cupboards. A little spared for them would indeed mean a lot.

Typical is the plight of Mrs. Birchall, of Manchester, whose unemployed husband was wounded in the war.

Trouble enough to maintain a family of three children on Unemployment Assistance Allowance without further difficulties.

Yet ten-year-old Jimmy broke his knee, and bringing him from hospital and taking him backwards and forwards to the out patients' department has been a great strain on that slender purse.

The youngest child, a girl of seven, is diabetic, and needs a special diet.

Surely most people can afford to help such a deserving family.

Can't you?

Donations earmarked "Mother of Three" or for our General Fund, should be addressed to JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

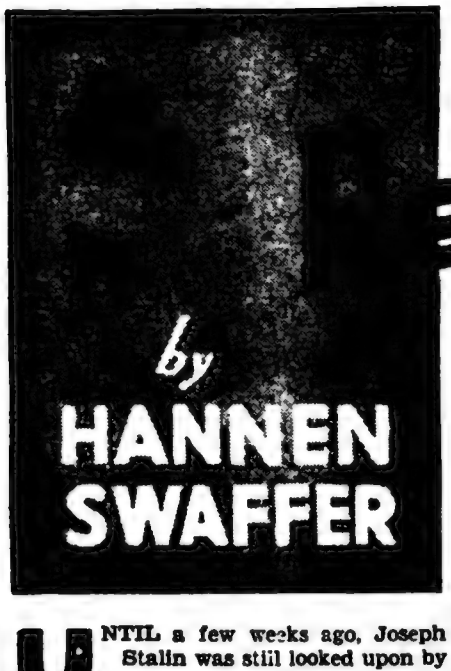
Acknowledgments are sent where names and addresses are given. Lists of subscriptions are kept at this office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

There are no deductions for administration expenses.

Every penny sent is devoted to the Fund.

We gratefully acknowledge 2s. 6d. from E. M. (Wimbledon). 2s. 6d. from A. C., and 5s. from "Poor Grimbarian."

Mrs. Birchall needs your assistance in her fine struggle



by HANNEN SWAFFER

ed Emperor of RUSSIA

UNTIL a few weeks ago, Joseph Stalin was still looked upon by millions as the head of a vast country which, in the end, might help to usher in an era of peace and world settlement. To-day he is classed with Hitler as one of the two arch-enemies of Mankind.

Never in all history has there been so dramatic a change in the avowed ambitions of one of the world's leaders.

It was so quick a reversal of foreign policy, indeed, that the November 20 copy of the "Moscow News," an official Soviet newspaper which boosts Russia for foreign consumption, arrived in London last week still claiming in a big headline: "Policy of the U.S.S.R. is a Policy of Peace and a Friendship of Nations."

Exactly ten days after that newspaper was published, Russia was bombing the almost defenceless city of Helsinki from the air—blowing into pieces women and children, and claiming that poor little Finland, whose population is only half that of London, had invaded mighty Russia and her 180,000,000 inhabitants!

The victim, no doubt, of an insensate ambition, Stalin, after years of boasting of his peaceful aims, had entered into a partnership with Hitler and divided Europe into two spheres of influence, the Western half for Hitler and the Eastern half for himself.

I can now disclose what was said a few weeks ago by a highly placed Russian diplomat then in London.

"You all forget," he said, "but in the days of Peter the Great, Russia controlled Scandinavia."

EVEN then, you see, weeks before the world knew, a great republic which was boasting of its modern views was thinking back centuries—yes, to the time of Peter the Butcher, whose name still stinks in the nostrils of all historians.

I heard on the anniversary of Finland's "Day of Freedom"—December 6—the Finnish Minister tell how, after inviting the Helsinki Government to send emissaries to Moscow to discuss frontier problems, Stalin interrupted the negotiations to wish "Good luck to Finland."

A week later, his airmen bombed the Finnish capital, and, by a coincidence that made a mockery of Fate, Finland appealed to a League of Nations which should have been presided over by Maisky, the Soviet ambassador in London!

A few months ago, this ambassador would have taken Finland's side against any aggressor. He would, indeed, have supported any attacked country.

To-day, in spite of what his apologists may argue, Stalin is assuming more and more autocratic power.

Visitors to Russia guessed this when, three years ago, they saw all over Moscow big pictures of Stalin, obviously put there to displace in the public mind the reverence that the Russian people still had for Lenin's memory.

Stalin was photographed receiving the Arctic explorers, decorating prize workmen, and so on. Always he appeared as the hero of every national exploit.

Stalin's real name is Joseph Vissarionowitch Djougachwili. He changed it when Russian revolutionaries had to hide themselves.

The son of poor Georgian peasants, he is a man whose crafty ruthlessness may be explained by his own words: "Remember that I, too, am an Asiatic."

Many Russians have in their veins the blood of Tartar conquerors, or are descended from one or other of the warring peoples who came from Asiatic plains. So it is that Herbert Hoover recently compared Stalin with Ghengis Khan.

Although he speaks in quick staccato phrases when deciding State business,

He stands indicted before the bar of world justice, the tragic example of what power can do

Stalin has another side to him, for at social functions he often shocks foreign diplomats by his jokes at the expense of European statesmen.

Even on the day after he had signed the Soviet-Nazi pact, which encouraged Hitler to start his war, he jested about Hitler at a diplomatic reception, using terms which ambassadors pretended not to understand.

LIKE the Kaiser, he has a shrunken left arm; two toes of his right foot are joined together. As for his mental make-up—well, although Lenin is said to have called him "Man of steel," he did not think much of his intellect, once referring to him as "That Georgian mule."

Still, Stalin has grown a lot mentally since Lenin's day. H. G. Wells found him, when they met in Moscow, a brilliant defender of his policy, an encyclopædia of fact, and a man of unquestioned authority in affairs.

The verbatim note of their conversation showed Stalin well able to answer any argument.

The new Stalin is, in his being, an indictment of all dictatorship. His recent life shows how dangerous it is to place supreme power in the hands of any man.

It goes to his head. It makes him yearn to leave his mark on history—yes, even a mark in blood.

Almost despairingly, one turns back to Stalin's earlier life, his great personal courage in the days of Czardom.

Six times he was arrested as a revolutionary. He braved Siberia for years.

Treated as a dangerous criminal, he was once condemned to exile only fifteen miles from the Arctic Sea in a miserable village where he had nothing to eat except what game he could hunt.

Five times before he had escaped. Then came the revolution of 1917.

OF his personal courage you need only say, when estimating the man, that, even when flogged in prison because he would not reply during an enquiry into a theft, he ran the gauntlet of the whole Saliansky Regiment, reading aloud all the time from a book he carried, and fainting only when the last blow was struck!

In spite of his sufferings, he is still a strong man. He can work for sixteen hours a day for weeks on end, and he expects his staff to do the same.

Properly directed, working with the old Leninites, Stalin might, in Russia, have brought about a new order which might have spread to many countries abroad.

To-day he is self-exposed as an imperialist aggressor, his hands dripping with the blood of Finnish peasants, Finnish women, Finnish babies.

And he stands indicted before the bar of the world's justice as a tragic example of what can happen to a man to whom too much power is ceded.

"John Bull's" Military Correspondent, continuing his tour of the Western Front, takes you . . . .

In the Lair of the Lion with Wings

A SCULLERY is a strange home for the nerve-centre of the R.A.F. on the Western Front. Yet I found that the Cipher Room of R.A.F. headquarters was a tiny chamber tucked away among the former kitchens of a French chateau.

The room was so far below ground the electric bulbs glowed all day, and on the walls were plate-draining racks. There was a big sink dominating the place.

Through an open door I could see the rest of the kitchens.

But the plate-racks now held documents, the sink was covered with a table top, and six R.A.F. officers sat at tables, each manipulating a machine that appeared to have been created out of parts of a typewriter, an adding machine and the railway platform machine that punches your name on aluminium strips for a penny.

And that is about as much as I can say.

These half-dozen men were one shift of a staff of cipher experts maintaining a 24-hour watch on all messages passing in and out of the Headquarters.

They were using automatic enciphering and deciphering machines.

GONE are the days when the expert wrestled with cipher key and pencil and paper for hours over the transcription of a few short messages.

Men had to be relieved after a few hours of this exhausting work.

Their heads buzzed with figure and letter groups, and it was easy to make a vital error.

There was perpetual worry about the safety of cipher keys.

Now the operator presses a few keys, pushes a few buttons, pulls some tiny levers, and these robot machines do the rest. They never get tired. They never make mistakes. The message goes in as cipher and comes out "en clair" as fast as the machine can be operated.

SPEED and secrecy in communication are essential in the 400-mile-an-hour war that will develop when the R.A.F. really goes into action.

"Long-range direction" is another new element.

In the last war the Commander in the Field was alone responsible for nine-tenths of the decisions that were made.

The Imperial General Staff and the War Cabinet were a long way off. Communication with England was slow and difficult.

Important suggestions or information were frequently brought over by special couriers. It was a day's journey by boat and train.

Now the Chief of Air Staff, Sir Cyril Newall, may be sitting in conference "somewhere in England" to-day with the heads of Fighter, Bomber and Coastal Commands. A decision is made, a message written out, and in a few *minutes* that message is in the hands of the Air Officer Commanding his Headquarters staff in France.

Such messages go by telewriter.

The memo. from the C.A.S. is handed out to the telewriter operator. He taps it out and hundreds of miles away in France another machine begins simultaneously to repeat it letter by letter and figure by figure. This is the principle employed for years now by news agencies for distributing news stories simultaneously all over the world.

Messages travel along a "co-axial cable," a single line carrying hundreds of messages in telegraphy, speech and even picture transmissions at the same time and without interference.

The telephone exchange is another important section of this lair of the "Lion with wings."

For some peculiar reason, all the men working these switchboards come from Lancashire. It may be accidental, but it was strange to be standing in this room in a French chateau listening to an incessant chanting in broad dialect, as the operators pulled and pushed at the 'phone plugs

As big as many in large provincial towns in England, this exchange is a miracle of high-speed organisation.

It was fully installed within a few days of the outbreak of war.

Lines radiate from it to squadron and Wing H.Q.s, to scores of depots and dumps scattered throughout France, to G.H.Q. of the Army, to the French Headquarters and to all the departments of the B.E.F.

Even though real war has not begun, this exchange handles about 600 calls an hour. But if full-scale action develops it can take care of ten times the number without any "choking."

PRECAUTIONS have been taken against every conceivable war risk to these communications.

Chief lines are run in duplicate and are buried to minimise risk of breaking through falling masonry or bomb blast.

No direct hit is likely to put this central exchange out of action, but there are repeater stations located in other places if it did.

If these failed, there are small radio stations at many secret points, ready to come into action as temporary measures.

In secret laboratories brave men are flirting with death to give Britain new and terrible engines of war . . .

Experts, scribbling complicated calculations, are giving us guns that rarely vary more than ten yards over a range of ten miles

FAR from the battle's clash and roar, Britain's most dangerous army is waging a ceaseless fight for victory.

It is a strange fight and a strange army—pale, ascetic-looking warriors, whose weapons are test tubes and microscopes, and whose arena is the laboratory.

Yet these knights of science, these soldier-chemists, may each be worth an army in himself. For they are the architects of ideas, the men who are slaving at the highest pitch of their energies, evolving new sinews of war.

Science has recruited these secret battalions from university and research laboratory, radio and chemical factory, hospital and engineering shop, mine and chemical combine, dyework and steelwork.

And under the stimulus of their country's need these specialists flirt with death—working with a loyalty and courage that would do credit to the bravest soldier in the front line.

Before the guns started to roar these same scientists were giving us brighter homes and better motor-cars.

To-day they are making synthetic substitutes from resins and rubber, dabbling with plastics and high explosives, playing with poison gas and deadly bacilli.

Nothing is too dangerous for these adventurers into the unknown. In a long, high-ceilinged room, cool young chemists are bending over samples of lead azide. They have to break but a single crystal to blow themselves sky-high. . . .

Behind barred windows, scientists, with a sublime contempt for danger, bury themselves in smoke screens, or brave the perils of incendiary bombs and liquid fire.

In secret laboratories, bacteriologists toy casually with deadly bacilli, discovering and preparing antidotes in case Hitler should try anything new in germ warfare.

In the greeny stillness of the country metallurgists are perfecting gun designs and producing armour-plate so tough and hard that nothing can get through.

So each specialist plays his rôle in the drama—a drama that began when British scientists were switched over from industry to war in a manner that astonished the world.

WHEN the call came, 7,000 specialists in scientific research and 5,000 industrial chemists indicated their willingness to serve, and were catalogued in a Central Register.

Their subjects covered every 'ology known to science.

Great and lustrous names headed these lists of volunteers, men whose genius for invention and discovery have done much to add to the knowledge and comfort of the world.

Imagine it! Twelve thousand experts ready for the fray! At the start of the last war we had only forty!

And all this apart from the fact that prior to the outbreak of hostilities the Army, Navy and Air Force had already hundreds of scientists working in their research organisations.

For the Army alone 300 were employed in experimental stations dealing with ballistics, metallurgy, and radiology.

Two hundred and fifty were overseeing anti-gas equipment and stores.

One hundred and fifty were investigating problems of human and animal suffering arising out of the use of gas.

Seventy were concentrating on searchlights and inventions for air defence.

Fifty were working on wireless telegraphy and telephony, and all forms of electrical communication.

Hundreds more were bending their energies on a vast array of weapons, instruments and machines.

Now, with the new recruits, these numbers have been increased by thousands, while in the research laboratories and universities up and down the country 27 key scientists and 112 assistants have been earmarked for all manner of problems arising out of the war.

Thus are marshalled the country's finest brains to answer Hitler's challenge. Force has been matched with courage and resource, as the Fuehrer will find to his cost.

His surprises—be they secret weapons or microbes, pests or poison gas, disease or death from the skies—will be answered with all the genius of a mighty race fighting for its ideals.

What happened when Hitler thought magnetic mines would scare us? Within a week came our reply—an invention which is sweeping the mines from the sea.

Already we have made great strides in this Scientists' War. Some of these inventions are secret, but of others details can be revealed.

They include bullet-proof tyres, armour-piercing shells, and telescopes which look round corners.

They comprise binoculars which can be used by night as well as day and complicated sound-ranging mechanisms which plot the exact position of enemy batteries hidden miles behind the lines.

They involve the conversion of our fast fighters from flying machine-gun nests into cannon-mounting terrors of the skies. For 'planes now carry heavy calibre guns, firing hundreds of shells a minute.

Also, we have radio-controlled rockets and torpedoes, radio-controlled battleships, 'planes and machines that can be fired and operated over long distances.

Britain possesses mystery tanks, whose secrets would be worth the sacrifice of a battalion to the Nazis—and we have new traps and mines for our enemy's armoured vehicles.

We control heavy guns with removable barrel liners that can be replaced when worn without taking the weapon from its station.

WE own predictors, sound locators, and submarine detectors, which pick up the vibrations of under-water craft and indicate their position.

What else have our scientists done? They have given us guns, 'planes, battleships and searchlights that are the best in the world.

They have given us heavy artillery that rarely vary more than ten yards on a target over a range of ten miles.

And every day our ballistic experts are making new discoveries about heavy guns, working out abstruse problems in muzzle velocity that would turn Einstein green with envy.

Every day, too, these discoveries are applied to our guns with startling effect.

Still the scientists continue with the good work.

They're supplying artificial yarn, wool and rubber, petrol from coal, and all manner of substitutes for fuel.

They have brought forth gas-masks which are marvels in their way, the result of over twenty years' co-operation between chemist and physiologist.

TO-DAY our masks are adequate protection from any gas, the poison particles being soaked up from the air passing through the canister by a special type of charcoal and other absorbents.

And Science is marching on. Under the stimulus of the last war we developed tanks, A.A. guns, paravanes and aeroplanes.

This conflict will result in inventions just as great.

The trends now being developed indicate that the rifle will soon be superseded by the automatic rifle. Already the Army has adopted the light Bren machine gun, which fires 120 bullets a minute and weighs just 20 pounds.

If developments proceed our 'planes may soon be capable of silent flying, thus making the sound locators of the enemy useless for giving warning.

Black-out lighting that can't be seen from the air will soon be with us, and decoy lighting to represent a town will deceive German pilots and lead them to waste their bombs on useless targets.

Nor do scientists believe that we have produced anything like the best weapons yet.

"The best jobs haven't been started," one of them told me. "The best work hasn't been done."

The Death Ray may be as far away as ever, but we will soon be producing searchlights that will blind raiding pilots and make them lose control, while, with the development of electro-magnetism, queer things may soon be happening to 'planes in the air.

MEANWHILE ordinary folk, their imagination fired by their country's need, are helping the scientists in their task of invention.

More than 300 suggestions a week reach the Director of Scientific Research at the Ministry of Supply.

Among them, of course, are the usual hints from impossible people. One man suggests dropping locusts in bottles on German fields to eat up their crops.

Another is all for spraying Germany with petrol and setting the whole country alight!

But in the laboratories of Britain the serious task of invention and discovery goes on—a task which may speedily end the war and save the lives of millions.

Obstacles act only as a spur to our soldiers of the test tube.

In her hour of crisis they have answered Britain's need. The struggle is great. The issues are great. The men are great.

OUR SECRET WEAPONS

£100 for "Fitting Phrases"

If you want to spend an idle hour during Christmas in profitable amusement, try your skill in the "Fitting Phrases" competition, for which five prizes of £20 are offered.

Details appear on pages 21, 23, 25, 27 and 29, and you would do well to fill in the free entry forms immediately.

You must try this pleasant way of being paid to be amused.

HERE'S ONE FOOD THAT HASN'T GONE UP

Your family can still be well nourished

EVEN if it's harder to make both ends meet now, don't sacrifice the nourishment your family need more than ever these days. Economise the right way by giving them Bournville Cocoa for breakfast and supper. There's real food value in Bournville Cocoa. A cupful, made with all milk, is equal to ¼ lb. of beefsteak or two eggs. And you get 28 cupfuls from a ¼ lb. of Bournville — it's still sixpence! 11d. for a ½ lb. tin — a real bargain.

SHE HADN'T THOUGHT OF BOURNVILLE COCOA
Mother: I'd have thought that was plenty, dear.
Father: Somehow it wasn't satisfying. Now the nights are so cold it takes a thumping big supper to keep me cheerful!
SHE GAVE THEM BOURNVILLE COCOA
Father: This is the best time of the day, dear, when you give us our Bournville!
Mother: You're all thriving on it, anyway.
Fred: How about another cup, Mum?

Bournville Cocoa is the bright spot of blackout evenings, as these photos show. Read below how Bournville solved still another of the new wartime problems.

Farmer's Wife

Doubled family overnight

'I had two children of my own at home, Albert, 11, and Belle, 2, when the billeting officer asked me to take in two evacuated children from London (Camberwell), Roy and Leslie, aged 10 and 8,' says Mrs. Hilda Newman, a Berkshire farmer's wife. 'My neighbours said that doubling my family like that would mean a lot of extra work and trouble and expense, but it didn't worry me a bit. I'd already learnt the secret of Bournville Cocoa and know that it is a real godsend to busy mothers trying to keep their children well and fit on a limited budget. Now all the children have Bournville Cocoa every evening for supper and it's doing them so much good and keeping them wonderfully fit and I have the satisfaction of knowing that they're having the best there is —and that I can afford to give it to them.'

BEGIN SAVING ON BOURNVILLE TO-DAY

Plenty of Bournville Cocoa in the house means more money left in your purse towards coal and rent and clothes. If you can't always buy exactly what you'd like for supper there's always Bournville Cocoa to finish up with and leave everybody contented and well fed. Save money and yet give your family *extra* nourishment. Give them delicious, satisfying Bournville Cocoa.

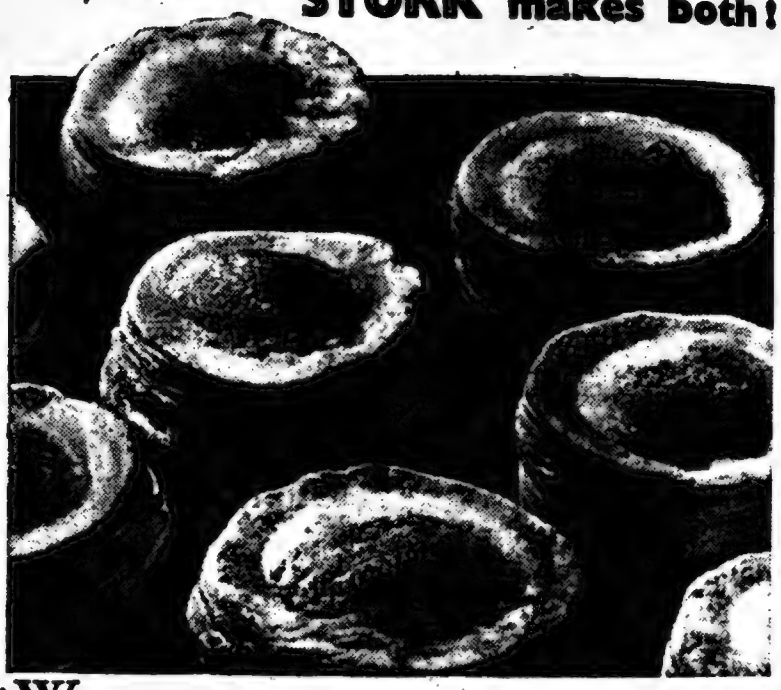
CADBURY'S

BOURNVILLE COCOA

— A CUP OF COCOA IS A CUP OF FOOD

Light Pastry makes Light Hearts...

STORK makes both!



What if there *is* a war on? Cooking won't be a difficulty — now that you can get Stork again. Stork gives airy lightness to puddings, crispness to pastry, and delicious flavour to everything. Stork adds nourishment, too. Use it for all your cooking!

TWO RECIPES FOR YOUR PARTY

MINCE PIES

Biscuit Crust

1 lb. self-raising flour
10 ozs. Stork Margarine
2 teaspoonsful castor sugar
1 egg
Cold water with a squeeze of lemon juice

Sift self-raising flour and sugar into basin. Rub in Stork with finger-tips. Mix with yolk, water and lemon juice to stiff dry paste. Roll out to oblong on floured board. Cut tops of mince pies from first rolling and set them aside. Knead the pastry lightly together and cut remaining rounds. Fit rounds of pastry into patty pans, fill with mincemeat, cover with tops; brush with white of egg and dust with castor sugar. Bake for 20 minutes in moderately hot oven (Regulo Mark 6).

War-time Mincemeat

1 lb. raisins, stoned and chopped
1 lb. sultanas, cleaned
1 lb. currants, cleaned
½ lb. Stork Margarine, melted
1 lb. apples, peeled and grated
1 lb. candied peel, chopped
2 nutmegs, grated
½ lb. demerara or granulated sugar
Rind and juice of 2 lemons

Mix all prepared fruits together, add grated nutmeg, lemon rind and juice, and the sugar. Melt Stork and stir into the mixture. Stir well, put into clean warm jars, and tie down securely. This quantity makes about three 2-lb. jars.

CHRISTMAS TRIFLE

8 small sponge cakes or 1 lb. stale Madeira cake
2 tablespoonsful raspberry jam
2 tablespoonsful lemon marmalade

Custard

1 pint milk
1 egg
1 teaspoonful cornflour
1 tablespoonful sugar
1 oz. Stork Margarine
1 teaspoonful vanilla

Stork Cream

½ lb. unsalted Stork Margarine
½ pint milk
Cherries and angelica for decorating
Fruit syrup or sherry

Cut sponge cakes in half, spread half of them with jam and half with lemon marmalade. If stale cake is used, cut in squares and spread with jam and marmalade. Arrange cakes neatly in a glass dish and pour fruit syrup or sherry over them. Leave to soak for an hour.

Custard

Blend the cornflour with a little cold milk. Put the rest of the milk on to boil. Beat the egg, mix with it sugar and vanilla. Pour the boiling milk over cornflour, return to pan and boil for 5 minutes, stirring all the time. Add Stork and stir the hot mixture into the mixture of egg, sugar and vanilla. Stir well and put aside to cool. When cool, remove skin and pour custard over the cakes. Decorate top with spoonfuls of Stork Cream.

To make Stork Cream

Warm the milk and unsalted Stork together in a saucepan until the margarine is melted. Cool mixture to blood heat by pouring backwards and forwards from the saucepan to a jug. When mixture is warm (but *not* hot) pour it into the bowl of cream machine until latter is half full. Pump with quick, hard strokes, lifting the handle as high as possible. When all the cream is made, stir quickly with a fork, and put it aside to get *quite cold* before using.

STORK MARGARINE

CONTAINS SUNSHINE VITAMINS A and D

JBC 2-236-65

Don't Let the War "Black-out" Christianity

My Christmas Message to You

By the Rev. Pat McCormick,

famed Radio Pastor and Vicar of St. Martin-in-the-Fields

IT'S going to be a pretty grim Christmas for some of you, I fear, yet I want to wish you all happiness. May your holiday be as happy as it can be.

There will be many an empty chair. Evacuation alone will cause more separation in families than there has ever been before. But always remember "there is no separation in the realm of love."

You will be thinking of the husband, or the boy, or maybe the father who has gone overseas. Yet he will be near you on Christmas Day. He will be thinking of you as you of him.

That means you will be near each other.

I know what it feels like.

I was six thousand miles from home when I was 25-30, and now I have one daughter in Geneva, another in Canada.

Even though they have homes of their own, they'll remember the old home. We will be one in spirit.

Distance won't separate us, because love is there. Radio helps us to realise all this.

People tell me this about services broadcast from St. Martin's. It makes them feel so near to us, they say.

Anyway, let us face Christmas cheerfully. We must keep the home fires burning brightly, especially for the children and in memory of the absent.

We decorate St. Martin's so that passers-by will feel we are urging them to "Be of good cheer"

Despite the black-out, we must make everything as attractive as we can. That is my Christmas message to you.

That's what we do at St. Martin's.

We have two Christmas trees in the porch, lighted with coloured lamps (I hope we shall be able to have them even in the "black-out"), and we have another near the pulpit in the church, with more lights and covered with toys, Teddy bears and dolls that are later given to the children.

In peace time we illuminate the windows from inside in such a way that the light shines upwards. We want passers-by to feel that we are saying, as Jesus so often said, "Be of good cheer."

Alas! This year we can't have our "lonely party" on Christmas night.

In other years we filled our little hall with lonely people who had no chance of going to a party. We gave them food and we sang all the old songs.

So they had a Christmas Party all to themselves.

This year we are going to open the church at night for the benefit of soldiers and sailors who are stranded in town.

Dick Sheppard did this in the last war.

And as we are also going to have an all-night canteen, we may have another "lonely" party in another way.

Meanwhile, we must all be as bright and cheerful as possible. We must help others.

That is the great thing about the English Christmas, made famous by Dickens. The story of Scrooge has done wonders in helping people to be kind at Christmas.

No one wants to be like old Scrooge as he was at first.

Everyone remembers Tiny Tim.

Twenty-five years ago I was travelling among the troops in Flanders, reading "The Christmas Carol," which I illustrated with lantern slides.

What about inviting a lonely person, who will have a wretched Christmas, to join your family party. It will mean so much to him.

Think how many people in the big towns live in one room, and have no home to go to on Christmas Day. Try to help them be happy, please!

Jesus Christ, who was born at Christmas, showed us what love meant.

From Jesus Christ we learned the truth about God, and it was utterly different from what people expected.

"They all were looking for a King
To slay their foes, to lift them high.
Thou cam'st a little baby thing
That made a woman cry."

Christmas is the festival of The Child.

And we should thank God for The Child and all that He has done to make us happy.

In knowing Him, we find happiness, and because of Him we try to make others happy.

So I wish you A Happy Christmas.

It was inevitable that there should be "misfits" among the millions of children evacuated from cities

JIMMY is a PROBLEM

LITTLE Jimmy, with the air of a saint and an eye for mischief, is a "Problem Child" of the Evacuation. His new home is a hostel, one of many now appearing in England's reception areas.

This hostel life is most interesting.

It deals with the Misfits of Evacuation, those children who for a variety of reasons have become the "outcasts" from private billets.

Some are just "unmanageable."

Some can almost be classed as bad—but not quite. Some have been brought up with the most primitive ideas of sanitation.

Others "border on the defective" and need a doctor's care rather than the cane.

A mixed "bag" of troublesome young creatures, pitchforked first from town homes into private billets and now into this revolutionary new communal life of the hostel.

HOW exciting it is for little Jimmy you can see for yourself if you call at his new address "Somewhere in Hertfordshire."

In front of the lovely creeper-clad, old-world house is the "village" green of a sleepy country township. Behind it stretch three acres of lawn and gardens that invite adventurous little feet.

Once the house was an inn. Then it became a preparatory school for boys, luckier in their start in life than Jimmy. It remained so until quite recently.

We go in to catch Jimmy and nearly a hundred other "problems" in the middle of their midday meal.

The Master and Matron are serving from two huge steaming hot bowls.

Irish stew, cabbage and potatoes.

Two or three of the children are acting as waiters to the noisy, impatient knife-and-fork-rattling throng around half a dozen long tables.

WELL-DRESSED boys, ragged boys. Clean boys, grubby boys.

Prunes and custard . . . with such a helping of custard as would overwhelm the appetites of most grown-ups!

And then, almost before we've had time to take it all in, a hundred voices in unison, *"For what we have received may the Lord make us truly thankful. Amen."*

"Truly thankful"—without anything sanctimonious about it. Next a wild scamper for the door. Quiet followed, and the Master had a chance to explain that his boisterous crew was only just settling in.

Many had been there only a day or two. Others were coming in daily.

"They're quite good boys, really—if a little difficult—and will soon become a ruly team. Homesick? Not a bit of it. They love the life.

"At the moment we're short-handed. Cook's ill. Two extra resident masters arrive on Monday, and we start school. A doctor is paying us regular visits, and an expert psychologist has begun to deal with the boys who need such treatment.

"They never get it in their own homes.

"They come from North and East London, and any day is visiting day, though naturally most of the parents can get down only on Saturdays and Sundays.

"Well, let's walk round ourselves. . . ."

A tough little "problem" was strumming on a piano.

The previous night, with twenty-four others, he was given a real bath.

"I'd never had a big bath like that before," he said.

A toothbrush had been shared "between four" at home.

Another boy, offered a breakfast of sausage, fried bread, bread and butter, and tea said: "Cor blimey, Dad is paid on Fridays and we on'y gets breakfast one day a week. That's Saturday, and it's—beer and dough-nuts!"

UPSTAIRS, in the dormitory, half a dozen boys were self-helping a nurse to make the beds.

"They all take their turns," said the Master. "Some are a little more willing than others. Hostel life soon gets hold of 'em, and they help us and each other. The youngest is five; the eldest fourteen."

No "problem children," these youngsters from the city are enjoying a Christmas party in their war-time billets

Down in the games room the inevitable happened. A small boy piped, "That big boy over there's just 'it me."

"Well, you go and hit him," said the Master. "He's big enough to hit, isn't he? I'll see fair play."

It began and ended there.

"Guv, what are we going to get for tea," inquired another, already hungry for more.

"Bread and butter, dough-nuts, and tea," said the Master. "Then biscuits before you go to bed."

EACH boy has a bed to himself, and some of the dormitory rooms have shining parquet floors. Smaller boys are under the bedclothes by seven, the older by eight. They are up in the morning at seven.

Nearly a hundred of them.

Some from homes where both father and mother go out to work.

Problem Children?

"Outcasts" of Evacuation?

What will this communal life of the countryside do for them and hundreds of others now going into the hostels of the reception areas to enjoy the life of a minor public school.

It will be interesting to meet the little Jimmy again in six months.

NORMA KNIGHT continued

Norma and the war

When war broke out Humphrey at once applied for a commission in the R.A.F.

Baby Norma is packed off to the country

But Norma refuses to leave

Wherever she goes, Norma is careful to ensure a good supply of Knight's Castile for herself and her little daughter. She knows how easily tender skins can be hurt by harsh soaps, so she always insists on Knight's Castile. You should, too.

SPECIALLY MADE FOR THE FACE

Knight's Castile

Follow Norma's adventures through the war. They begin soon.

KC 261-66-65 JOHN KNIGHT LTD., LONDON, E.16—SOAP MAKERS SINCE 1810

IN THESE HARASSING TIMES
WE BADLY NEED 1st GROUP SLEEP

There are 3 Sleep Groups

3rd SLEEP GROUP
Bad sleepers, or people who wake tired, belong to this Group. This kind of sleep drains the physical, nervous and mental powers. The cause is excess acid waste products in the blood at night — *activating* brain and nerves. Hospital tests prove Horlicks corrects this.

2nd SLEEP GROUP
People in this Group seem to sleep well enough, yet lack energy during the day. They feel tired, 'nervy,' run-down. Their trouble is the same as that of people in Group 3, to a slightly lesser degree. Hospital tests prove that Horlicks overcomes this condition — ensures 1st Group Sleep.

1st SLEEP GROUP
People in this Group sleep perfectly. Even though they get only 5 or 6 hours in bed, they have plenty of energy during the day. They are never handicapped by 'nerves' or tiredness. They get the right kind of sleep — that completely refreshing 1st Group Sleep which everybody should have and that Horlicks gives.

WHICH DO YOU BELONG TO?

HOW WELL you stand up to the strain, worry and extra work of wartime depends very largely upon what kind of sleep you get.

Scientists now tell us that all people belong to one of 3 Sleep Groups — 1st Group, 2nd Group, 3rd Group.

They say that the reason why people get 'nervy,' tired or run-down is because they belong to the 2nd or 3rd Sleep Groups. Their trouble is that their brain and nerves are *activated* all night by the body's excess acid waste products which accumulate in the blood.

After experimenting with many foods and drinks, doctors found that Horlicks alone, taken at bedtime, counteracted completely these excess acid waste products. Horlicks thus guards against Night Starvation and gives you 1st Group Sleep.

Take Horlicks tonight and see how much better you feel all day.

HORLICKS A COMPLETE FOOD

Horlicks is not a drug. It is a well-balanced, nourishing food with the milk already in it. Just mix with water. Prices from 2/- at all chemists and grocers. Mixers 6d. and 1/-.

FOR TAXI DRIVERS, just as for the rest of us, war means extra anxiety and strain. The best way to fight 'nerves,' depression and tiredness due to war conditions is to get more good from your sleep every night.

WOMEN PLAY THEIR PART
Life is harder for all women today, whether through unaccustomed work, extra work or loss of work. To keep our nerves, spirit and physical strength unbroken we must have better sleep than ever before in our lives.

A HOUSEFUL OF EVACUEES. It's a lark for the kiddies, but for all adults the war means sacrifices, worry, strain and distress. Our lives are upset, our comfort destroyed, our nerves frayed. To face up to it we need 1st Group Sleep.

HORLICKS

at bedtime gives you 1st Group Sleep

AMAZING TALKS WITH HITLER

Millions of Britons have heard the voice of Hitler.

They know his flabby, fish-eyed face.

If they knew what he had to say in the intimate circle of his friends, they would be able to complete their picture of the man.

Goering, Hess and their fellow-gangsters could best finish the portrait, if they were honest men, brave enough to supply an honest opinion.

But they're not.

So the task has fallen to a man who IS honest, and is as capable of doing it.

Dr. Hermann Rauschning was for years one of Hitler's intimate friends. An early pioneer of the Nazi movement, he listened to the expression of the Fuehrer's innermost thoughts.

He took verbatim notes that he has now set out in a remarkable book,* of which this article is a summary.

HITLER is no Napoleon. He is not even a Mussolini. You could scarcely call him a dictator in the opinion of the ex-statesman who had to escape from Germany to avoid arrest—or worse.

Hitler reached prominence because he always marched with the big battalions.

"I always choose the weaker for my opponents and the stronger for my allies," he said once.

There's the key to his success.

He always fought for supremacy in his party even when it meant loss of his freedom of decision.

And he has always had forces at his back dictating to him.

He's prepared to pay the price of obedience to achieve his ambition of world domination by Germany.

"We do not know yet the full scope of our objective," he stormed at Dr. Rauschning. "But we have it in our blood.

"I am going to build up a new world.

"I am going to build up the new order with younger men.

"We older men are used up.

"We are old already. We are cowardly and sentimental. But my magnificent youngsters, with them I can make that new world."

Such ambitions caused him to feel justified in using the lash and the concentration camp, in calling conscience a Jewish invention, in arguing that every deed had its place in progress, even crime.

"My teaching is hard," he stormed on. "Weakness has to be knocked out of them. A youth must grow up before which the

"I am going to build a new world, a new order with younger men"

world will shrink back, a violently active, dominating, intrepid, brutal youth."

He is always speaking like that.

"I am freeing men from an intelligence that has taken charge," he said on another occasion about his war against the nicer feelings of life.

Dr. Rauschning has often heard Hitler say that Britain was incapable of another war.

"There is a stern time coming," he said in a long tirade of boasting. "I shall see to that. Only the tough and manly elements will survive.

"The *new men* of England, France and America will fall into line with my scheme of re-ordering the world," he said.

When he spoke about the "anxiety of opponents to come to terms with us," the author questioned whether Britain or France would show that desire.

Hitler ignored the remark.

"We, sir," he ranted on, "are feverishly in pursuit of power. We are not afraid to say so. We are madly keen on it. We are fanatically pursuing it. We are ALIVE, ALIVE! Let the others sleep."

THESE are the things he says. But how does he say them?

Sometimes he works himself slowly from a sluggish torpor to sheer hysteria.

When somebody mentioned the horrors of prison camps, he flew into a paroxysm of rage.

He foamed at the mouth, panting and stammering, "I won't have it. Get rid of them all. Traitors, traitors."

When he seemed on the verge of a fit, he cleared his throat, brushed his hair back, and looked round to see whether anyone was laughing.

He has these moments when he is obsessed with the frightful, nervous apprehension that he will fail to attain his goal.

Sometimes he sits in apathy, picking his teeth abominably.

Sometimes he listens in silence to a few words from a friend, and then begins to "speechify," ignoring anything else that has been said.

"I do not know anything of his mental condition in a clinical sense," writes Dr. Rauschning, "but I do know from practical experience that he has a lack of control amounting to total demoralisation."

There are moments when you can't help doubting his sanity.

He awakes at nights, sometimes, with convulsive shrieks. He shakes with fear, making the whole bed vibrate. He shouts confused, unintelligible phrases.

His shouts, when they can be understood, for his knowledge of German deserts him in these outbursts, show that he fears somebody is in the room, somebody he dreads.

Even in more normal moments you think questioningly about his state of mind.

For years he carried a riding whip, wore big riding boots. They represented his resentment at years of submission to his officers.

SUCH action is typical of a man who has feelings of terrible inferiority.

Hitler has such feelings.

It is at such times that he is brutal, blustering, arrogant.

He certainly doesn't deserve immortality.

He is exacting, spoilt, avaricious, greedy. He doesn't know how to work steadily, indeed is incapable of working. He never reads even official papers and reports.

He gets ideas, impulses that must be satisfied feverishly and forgotten.

He is not even brave.

If ever he exposed himself to risk, the protective arrangements have been perfection.

This is the man who has altered the course of virtually every life in Europe to-day.

What can he do next?

"A nation denied its rights may use any weapon, even bacterial warfare," he declaimed in one speech.

"I have no scruples. I will use whatever weapons I require.

"I shall shrink from nothing."

---

* "Hitler Speaks." By Dr. Hermann Rauschning, ex-President of the Danzig Senate. Thornton Butterworth. 10s. 6d.

Price of Progress . .

Argue It Out!

by

PALLAS

MAN is a curious, illogical being. In times of war he harnesses to his chariot the forces of science. He forms—as we have formed in Great Britain—a Brains Trust.

Stupidity of man ordains that man, to conquer, to triumph over his adversaries, must call to his aid every resource that the centuries have produced.

That in times of war, is man, the killer; man, the primeval being, whose task is to preserve something he has built up through the years.

That is why thousands of scientists are now busy in laboratories night and day, preparing devices and appliances to meet any challenge from without our shores.

Yet science hates the principle of war, as must all men who feel that man has a destiny beyond and above the law of the jungle.

Through its priests, and it has its priests as sacred and as pure-hearted as those of the Church, science continues to wage its other war. The war against disease.

THERE is inspiration to mankind in the death, a few days ago, of Professor Charles Vaillant, the eminent French radiologist, who lost, in turn, his fingers, wrists and then lower arms through exposure to the rays during X-ray research.

Before he died, Professor Vaillant underwent fourteen operations.

The last was fatal.

He was sixty-seven.

His life had been devoted to the problem of pain and disease since he was a medical student.

When armies of millions of men are now facing each other in a struggle that will decide the fate of civilisation, he has died.

In war, as in peace, he carried on serenely his self-imposed martyrdom.

The clash of armies, the war at sea, the prospect of armadas in the sky left him unmoved. His task was clear. His duty lay in a realm of research far removed from the hatred and mistrust of his fellow-men.

His life was based on the eternal truth that man, to survive, must progress.

There can be no looking back.

War, or no war, the battle of man against disease must continue.

Charles Vaillant will go down in history as one of that precious band of men whose service, whose love, whose sacrifice make them not of one nation, but of mankind.

In their martyrdom they sweep away the barriers of hate and misery besetting the nations of the world. **In their sacrifice they prove that man *can* be linked in a common cause against a common enemy.**

Day by day, despite war and its setbacks, the human race progresses.

The price is paid by such men as Charles Vaillant.

He is a shining example of how mankind, through suffering and tribulation, will go steadily forward to the appointed goal, building on the mistakes of yesterday the temple of achievement that shall be to-morrow.

MAN and woman are born to suffer.

In the past three decades homes have been disrupted, dreams of peace shattered, and the whole fabric of our lives threatened.

But man lives on.

In him, because of men such as Vaillant, is the imperishable stuff of a conquest greater than the conquest of wars.

For men such as Vaillant conquer their very selves, enter unflinchingly into the fires of torment and of anguish, knowing full well that they will emerge, if they *do* emerge, scarred and shaken.

Their passage through the fire is the passage that only the few really great can take.

And the great will live through times of peace and war, their names symbolic of the March of Man, along paths of tenderness and of virtue, to the magnificent world which is Man's Heritage.

Last Time

First bombs on Britain . . . U-boat terror . . . Desperate fighting on the Western Front . . . "Russian steam-roller" going in reverse . . . BUT BRITAIN WON!

"B-R-R-R, it's cold! Ten degrees of frost in many places, I read yesterday. Come on all of you, pull up your chairs round the fire. . . ."

Father is speaking. On that other first Christmas Day of that other war, exactly twenty-five years ago. Not too long ago for most of us to remember. Yet it is interesting to recall the details of how father and the family tried to enjoy themselves.

"Well, that's just like the Huns," says father, opening the conversation, after his eye had caught a glimpse of Christmas Eve's evening newspaper. "The Pope appeals for a Christmas truce, and the Huns answer it with a new terror."

He picks up the newspaper.

"The War Office announces" . . . he reads . . . "that a hostile aeroplane crossed the Channel, dropped a bomb this morning into a garden not far from Dover Castle. It broke some windows.

"The aeroplane then disappeared."

The Germans had chosen Christmas Eve for their first air raid on the British Isles.

There was no radio.

No newspapers were published that Christmas Day.

Otherwise, father and the family would have heard or read as they sat round the fireside that that morning Germans had made a second raid just before the family sat down to its turkey and pudding.

"A hostile aeroplane was sighted to-day at 12.55 p.m. flying high East to West over Sheerness." They read eventually "British aircraft went up in pursuit and engaged the enemy, who, after being hit three or four times, was driven off seaward."

The new terror had begun, precursor of Gothas and Zeppelins.

It wasn't surprising.

The day before Grand Admiral von Tirpitz—"Tirps" to father—had been letting off steam.

"Germany," announced von Tirps, "will torpedo every Allied ship that nears the British coasts and thus cut off the greater part of British food supplies."

Same day, "arf-a-mo-Kaiser" was still sanctimoniously bleating "Heaven is on my side," while his U-boats prepared to starve the British family.

Yet father saw to it that the family had a nice Christmas dinner, thank you.

The turkey cost only 1s. 2d. lb. because it was big. They could have bought one weighing under 12 lb. for 1s. lb. Plenty of both sizes were obtainable.

Goose was 10d. lb., even though there was a shortage through the stoppage of shipments from Russia and the port of Hamburg.

Ducks were only about 5s. each, best quality roast beef 1s. 2d. to 1s. 3d. a pound, leg and loin of mutton 1s. and shoulders 10d.

Fish was becoming a luxury. Prices were 50 to 60 per cent. above normal.

Mother had to be economical when decorating the room with holly and mistletoe. She had to pay dear for Christmas pudding, muscatels, raisins, dates, figs and oranges. But English fruit, after a bumper harvest, was bountiful and at half normal prices.

So the family had feasted quite well.

"Christmas as Usual" meant the same as "Business as Usual."

Little Johnny's taste in toys had taken a military and naval turn, and he was playing on the carpet with soldiers, sailors, guns, ships, transport wagons, aeroplanes and airships. His sister was dressing her dolls as nurses and putting her male dolls to bed as casualties.

Germans had driven us back from Mons, and been driven back themselves from the Marne to the Aisne.

The fighting had resolved itself into "spade and gun" warfare.

The enemy occupied Ostend. The Western Front stretched from the North Sea to the Alps.

"Tipperary" was being ignored for carols in the British trenches in the North of France.

Leader of our forces in France in 1914—Field-Marshal Sir John French

Once more the calendar has come round to Christmas. How does this first Christmas of the new war compare with the first Christmas of the last great conflict?

Tommies and German soldiers from opposing trenches sang hymns together in tune and sentiment, if not in actual words.

"May God protect you and bring you home safe" was the message sent from the King and Queen to the troops. Their signatures were reproduced in facsimile.

Plum puddings, tobacco, cigarettes, cigars, warm clothing, gloves, mufflers and Thermos flasks were, much the same as now, the favourite gifts to the troops.

Our Army was trying to advance North of Ypres, and the Belgians were attempting to drive the Germans from the Yser canal.

"Slight advances" were reported by the Allies almost daily.

The Kaiser had gone to the Western Front.

A British squadron had been bombarding Westende, the German-occupied Belgian seaside resort.

Away East, on the Vistula, the Russians, strange as it now seems, were fighting frantically to stay the German advance on Warsaw.

Father and the family, round the 1914 fireplace, are thinking less about the Russian "steam-roller" rolling backwards than about "that first enemy air raid on the British Isles," and that first big death-dealing sea raid on our shores only nine days before when German battleships shelled Scarborough, Whitby and the Hartlepools, killing more than a hundred, wounding several hundreds more.

They take heart from the announcement of the arrival of Admiral Sir Frederick Sturdee, in the battle cruiser *Invincible* at Montevideo.

A fortnight previously, Sturdee's squadron had sunk the four crack ships, the cruisers *Scharnhorst*, *Gneisenau*, *Liepzig* and *Nurnberg* of Von Spee's raiding squadron off the Falkland Islands.

Sturdee gives father a Christmas smile.

So does this other little "gem" from his evening newspaper:

"The German Press has been ordered by the Censor not to attack personally Mr. Churchill (then, as now, first Lord of the Admiralty), as he is a useful person to Germany because of his happy-go-lucky disposition!"

Another little laugh from the "Agony" column was derived from: "Dogs of the Empire"—The Kaiser says Germany will fight to the last cat and dog—Will British dogs subscribe 6d. each to provide Y.M.C.A. hut in France?"

With thoughts of mass evacuation as we know it to-day not even a distant dream, father also read in the flats-to-let column:—

"Don't live miles away in the country when you can have a beautiful six-roomed luxury flat in London for 23s. a week. . . ."

So, we'll leave him, Father Christmas of 1914, warming his toes, keeping "Christmas as Usual" though facing "evil things" as we are doing this first Christmas of this second Great War.

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This Time

Resolution, not war-lust . . . All quiet on the Western Front . . . Our Allies within the Reich . . . Supremacy on sea and in the air . . . "Full Steam Ahead" at home . . . AND WE SHALL WIN AGAIN!

CLEARLY across the widening gulf of the centuries the first Christmas message of peace on earth comes to mankind and finds an echo in countless human hearts. For never, perhaps, in the history of the human race has the world contained so many peace-lovers as it does now.

That is the most fantastic fact of these anxious but still fantastic days. If all the peoples of the earth had been free to choose individually between war and peace, no single country would have voted for war.

Who or what, then, forced us into conflict? A mere handful of evil men; the greedy ambition of a few dictators; the special frenzy and lust for power of one man in particular—Adolf Hitler.

The will to peace steeling our hearts to war—that is the paradox that makes this Christmas unique.

In 1914, when the first Christmas of the old war was carried on, like business, almost as usual, the world did not pretend to have discarded war as an instrument of policy.

But this Christmas is marked by the gaining purpose of all men of good will to uproot the weeds of future conflict and prepare the ravaged earth for the lasting harvests of justice and brotherhood.

It may be more fitting to wish our readers a happy, rather than a merry Christmas this year, but we can see no cause for despondency.

By contrast with the 1914 story on the opposite page, we have much to be thankful for to-day. So far, at least, we have been spared the more fearful trials for which we were rightly prepared.

And, whereas the latter months of 1914 had cost all the warring nations on land hundreds of thousands of lives, there have been no comparable losses since the present war started.

The truth is that the High Commands on both sides of the Western Front have hitherto refused the futile massacres which were then taken almost for granted.

Our enemy now is no less ruthless than of yore, and may still engage us in desperate battle. Nevertheless, he hesitates to treat his own men utterly as "cannon fodder."

War is all waste, but the wanton and reckless waste of human lives gives pause to villainy itself. The gangsters are without pity, but they are afraid of the ordinary people over whom they now hold sway.

The homely, simple and incredibly docile folk who make up so large a proportion of Germany's population love Christmas no less than we do. In far greater anxiety and upon shorter rations, they will try to celebrate it in much the same way.

And millions of German women, who dare not speak their minds, will be praying this week for the safekeeping of the men they love and the blessed miracle of an early peace.

That is why our leaders have declared again and again that we bear no enmity to the German people and that we do not seek to destroy their country.

But we cannot acquit them of responsibility until they themselves are prepared to reject their brutal leaders and renounce the policy of force which seeks to dominate Europe as it has already dominated and enslaved the Reich.

Take heart and be of good cheer! This is the first Christmas of the war, and it may be the last.

There are many who believe that there are still enough "men of good will" in Germany to bring about the downfall of the Nazis during the coming year.

But, with their help or without it, the Allies are gaining in strength and the enemy weakening. He boasted that "there are no more islands," but our Navy still rules the seas, great convoys enter and leave our ports, and the Allied blockade, in less than four months of war, is exerting a greater pressure upon Germany than it did when the last war ended.

And as we rule the seas, so ultimately we shall surely rule the skies.

Already our fighters have established their superiority, and day by day from the great shadow factories our birds of war take off in flight after flight of deadly striking power.

On the Western Front our troops have already taken over part of the French line, and in orderly, methodical sequence, division after division of magnificently equipped men will be ready to reinforce them.

Above all, there is unity, confidence and firm resolve at home.

We are willing and able to meet the immense cost of modern war. We lack no important material. We do not yet need to deny ourselves reasonable comforts.

But our enemy is bankrupt of credit, restricted in food, dangerously short of several vital materials, disunited internally, **and without a friend in the world.**

He treads the way of the transgressor. He has scoffed at the law and rallied to our side the declared or undeclared support of every law-abiding country. His doom is certain, and the hour of retribution draws near.

And so a happy Christmas to all of you! Thousands of young men are coming home on leave; thousands of parents will be meeting their children again after weeks or months of separation; the shops are well stocked, and even the black-out need cast no gloom upon our hearts.

True, we have been urged by some to economise and by others to keep the wheels of business turning, but sensible folk will take the happy medium and be happy in it.

One of our readers, telling a friend that she meant to give no Christmas presents this year, was met with the rejoinder: "Please yourself, my dear, but I think you'll miss a lot of fun!"

We cannot improve upon that comment. There is no need to miss the right kind of fun merely because we are at war.

Above all, don't let us do the children out of theirs.

Gloom does not help to win wars. Economy ought to begin at home and not charity. There may be a good many ways in which each of us can save money, but the last thing we should cut down this year is our annual subscription to a good cause.

Christmas cannot be quite as usual in 1939. It ought not to be. But men and women of adult minds, fully realising their individual responsibilities and the magnitude of the great task to which we have set our hand, will still be able to rejoice and be glad.

They will carry on with a smile. They will carry on in the cheerful spirit of Tommy Atkins, who is never down-hearted for long.

That is the spirit of Britain itself, the grand fighting spirit of a people slow to anger, bearing no malice, but implacable of purpose.

Leader of our forces in France this time—General Lord Gort

Without Fear or Favour—*by the* EDITOR

"There was a moving train and an open door. Mr. Moon jumped. The door closed behind him, but there on the platform, left behind, was Mr. Mappin"

No Black-out was going to stop their Yuletide spree . . .

SAME *Again!*

MR. MAPPIN and Mr. Moon were creatures of habit. And if you think that mattered to nobody but Mr. Mappin and Mr. Moon you are wrong. It mattered to everybody who foregathered with them each night in the back room of the Canterbury Bell.

Because, you see, Christmas was coming.

If this isn't as clear as it might be we can go into details.

It really began fourteen years ago, when, on the day before Christmas Eve, Mr. Mappin and Mr. Moon found themselves on the same train going up to town to do a bit of shopping. Mr. Mappin, feeling seasonable, stood Mr. Moon a drink on the train. Mr. Moon, feeling seasonable, stood Mr. Mappin a drink on the train.

Before they got as far as Rochester they had decided to scamp the shopping and make a day of it.

"You must come to lunch with me," said Mr. Mappin.

"DELIGHTED," said Mr. Moon. "And you must do a show with me."

"I know a jolly little chop-house in the City," said Mr. Mappin.

"Splendid!" said Mr. Moon. "I'm not so sure about a good show. I'm a bit out of touch. I tell you what we could do. Pick out the first theatre bill we see on the platform at Victoria and do *that* show. Good or bad. Risk it. Make it more of an adventure."

"A capital idea!" said Mr. Mappin.

They stood each other two more drinks on the train.

The first theatre bill they saw on the platform at Victoria advertised "The Ghost Train." They booked seats for the matinee, took a taxi to Mr. Mappin's little chop-house in the City and became thoroughly mellow.

In the afternoon they saw "The Ghost Train," managed the shopping somehow and came back on the 7.15, agreeing that it had been a perfect day.

And that would have been that but for the fact that Mr. Mappin and Mr. Moon were creatures of habit.

Christmas came along again thirteen years ago, and Mr. Mappin and Mr. Moon, resolved to recapture the first fine, careless rapture, repeated the dose.

After which it was an annual event.

Now, it *would* have mattered to nobody except Mr. Mappin and Mr. Moon but for one thing.

Every Christmas, in the back room of the Canterbury Bell, they *would go over it.*

There was always somebody new to hear it (half a dozen new ones a night, sometimes); and, of course, they would be interested. But the rest of the boys were fed to the teeth.

They'd had it dozens and dozens of times. For years. In full detail.

"Yes, every year for thirteen years now we've gone up on the ten-five together, the day before Christmas Eve. We have a drink or two on the train, we pick our show from the first bill we see at Victoria, we lunch at a different place each year in the City—my friend picks it one year and I pick it the next—and then we . . ."

In full detail.

"Now last year . . ."

What they had for lunch, course by course. What the play was about, act by act. And over and over again the fact that they'd done it every year for thirteen years.

So that the boys in the back room at the Canterbury Bell used to groan aloud each year when Christmas was coming.

They had visions of Mr. Mappin and Mr. Moon still at it, telling the world, in 1960, two aged things on a couple of sticks each.

"Yes, every year for thirty-five years now, we've gone up on the ten-five together, the day before Christmas Eve. We have a drink or two on the train. . . ."

"Can't anything be done about it?" the boys used to ask.

And the answer was always: "Nothing. When you get to their age a habit is a habit for the rest of your days. If they broke this habit off they'd pine away. They both know that, so it's nothing doing."

"But supposing we could make them break the habit."

"It would stay broken. They'd never go on where they left off. But you can't make them break the habit. They're slaves to it."

AND so it seemed.

Then the war came.

"Well, that's finished their nonsense, surely," said the boys. "They won't want to be doing their annual trip in the black-out."

But the boys were wrong.

"War or no war," said Mr. Mappin a week before Christmas, "Mr. Moon and I are going up to town for our annual, the day before Christmas Eve Just as we've done every year for fourteen years. We shall catch the ten-five. We shall. . . ."

And the back room of the Canterbury Bell got it all over again, a week in advance this time. The boys could have committed murder. Double murder.

On the day before the day before Christmas Eve Smith dashed into the old back room with his bright idea.

"I'm going to wreck their day out to-morrow," he said. "This time it shall be a complete failure—and they'll never talk about it again."

"As how?" asked the boys.

"I'm going up to Sittingbourne on the ten-five," said Smith.

"Well?" said the boys.

"WELL," said Smith, "in a way their routine is already bust. They won't have drinks on the train as they have done for fourteen years. There's no Pullman on the ten-five since the war started."

"Ah!" said the boys.

"But at Sittingbourne there's a buffet, and if I can persuade them to leave the train and have a quick one, and if they get back *on* the train—well, get me?"

"Ah!" said the boys.

And they all rubbed their hands.

"It doesn't seem quite the same as other years," said Mr. Mappin in the train next morning.

"There *is* a difference," nodded Mr. Moon. "The war, I suppose."

"It's the first time in fourteen years we haven't had a couple of drinks by now," said Mr. Mappin.

"You can have a quick one in the buffet at Sittingbourne," put in Smith, who was travelling with them.

"Are you sure?" said Mr. Moon.

"Positive," said Smith. "I've often done it and I'm going to do it to-day."

"Oh, well, in that case . . ." said Mr. Mappin. He looked at Mr. Moon. "It doesn't seem the same without a drink or two going up."

"It does not," said Mr. Moon.

So at Sittingbourne it happened. They got out and went into the buffet. Smith rubbed his hands and smiled at something. There was a little delay over the change, a little delay over a cork.

There was the guard's whistle and Mr. Moon was in a panic, his drink not touched. He yelled for Mr. Mappin and dashed. Smith seemed to be in the way, full of apologies. There was a moving train and an open door.

Mr. Moon jumped. The door closed behind him, trapping his coat. He glanced out of the window. There on the platform, left behind, was Mr. Mappin.

At Chatham station Mr. Moon released his overcoat. There was a tear in it six inches long.

"What a beginning to a ruined day!" he sighed.

* * *

So agitated was Mr. Moon that at Victoria he walked straight past the theatre bill without thinking of looking

(Continued on page 22)

WILL SCOTT finds this week's short story in the "Canterbury Bell"

"It hurts when I swallow, Mummy"

The beginning of something else?

Children can never escape all contact with infection and it is wisest to be on the safe side.

Let them gargle regularly with 'Dettolin'. It protects the throat and mouth, where infection so often begins. 'Dettolin' is a powerful germ-killer containing the active germicidal principle of 'Dettol' antiseptic. It is blended specifically to suit the delicate tissues of the throat. Children enjoy using it; it is so pleasant and refreshing.

If 'Dettolin' does not bring quick relief—consult your doctor.

DETTOLIN GARGLE & MOUTHWASH

RECKITT AND SONS, HULL AND LONDON (PHARMACEUTICAL DEPT., HULL).

£20 MUST BE WON FITTING PHRASES NO ENTRANCE FEE

On this page are reproduced seven advertisements and a series of descriptive phrases. Which phrase do you consider best applies to each advertisement? A prize of £20 will be awarded to the reader who on either form submits the correct or nearest correct placing of the seven phrases in the most appropriate manner as decided by the Advertisement Director of "John Bull." In the event of a tie the prize of £20 will be equally divided. The prize of £20 must be won. THERE IS NO ENTRANCE FEE—all that you have to do is to study carefully the advertisements and the phrases on this page. Each advertisement has a LETTER in the top left-hand corner and each of the phrases is NUMBERED. On the Entry Form below indicate in INK the way in which the seven phrases in your opinion apply most aptly to each of the seven advertisements by writing PHRASE NUMBERS in the blank spaces underneath the LETTERS on Coupon. No phrase may be used more than once. No correspondence will be entered into. Send your entries in an envelope sealed (1½d. stamp).

CLOSING DATE:
Wed., Jan. 10th, 1940.
The name of the winner or winners will be announced in "John Bull" issue published Thursday, Feb. 1.

FIT THESE PHRASES—ENTER ON COUPONS BELOW

1. To be so popular it must be good.
2. Buy it once and you'll always like it.
3. You can't do better than try it.
4. You may pay more—you won't do better.
5. Everybody's Favourite.
6. Quantity and Quality.
7. Worthy of its reputation for economy and quality.

ADDRESS ENTRIES:
Fitting Phrases, "John Bull,"
57-59, Long Acre,
London, W.C.2.

Enter also for £20 Prizes on other pages—all entries may be included in same envelope.

A

UNIQUE
for their sweet and tempting flavour
....though they cost no more than ordinary brands...

Batchelor's
CANNED ENGLISH
Peas

WRITE FOR A FREE COPY OF THE NEW STYLE RECIPE BOOK TO BATCHELOR'S PEAS LTD., SHEFFIELD.

B

This diagram shows the disturbed nature of sleep when 'Ovaltine' was not taken at bedtime.

This diagram shows that sleep was much more restful when 'Ovaltine' was taken at bedtime.

Remember
OVALTINE Sleep *is* Nerve-restoring Sleep
P193.4

C

The luscious fruits in O.K. Sauce are full of rich sun-ripened nourishment. They make even dull "War Fare" breakfasts enjoyable.

MASON'S *Prices as usual. At all good Stores.*
O.K. THE SAUCE THAT DOES YOU GOOD

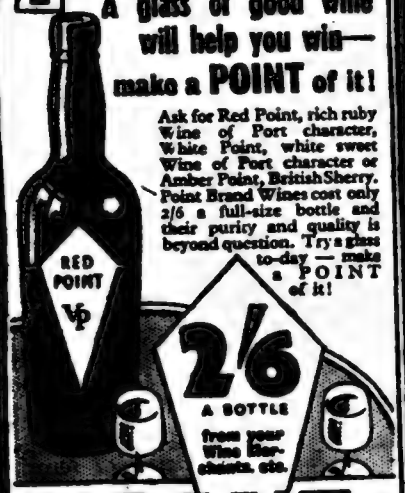
D

It protected his grandfather *It protected his father—*
NOW it will protect HIM against infection
WRIGHT'S COAL TAR SOAP 6d. PER TABLET BOX OF THREE 1/6

E

A glass of good wine will help you win—make a POINT of it!

Ask for Red Point, rich ruby Wine of Port character, White Point, white sweet Wine of Port character or Amber Point, British Sherry. Point Brand Wines cost only 2/6 a full-size bottle and their purity and quality is beyond question. Try a glass to-day — make a POINT of it!



POINT BRAND **Wines**
PRODUCED & BOTTLED BY VINE PRODUCTS LTD., KINGSTON, SURREY

F

Brooke Bond Dividend Coffee Essence
Perfect Coffee, no waste,
Cash Dividends to your taste
11d.
THE LARGEST BOTTLE AT THE PRICE

G

This may be square 'G' but I'm
ALL 'A' and 'D'

We all need vitamins and Wilkinson's delicious Pontefract Cakes are simply bubbling over with Vitamin 'A' (promoting growth) & sunshine Vitamin 'D.'
That's why they're everyone's favourites . . . why they are so good for you and particularly for children.
No change in flavour, price or quality, so get some now!

Wilkinson's *Vitaminised* **PONTEFRACT CAKES**
In 3d. and 6d. tins and cartons.

1 FREE ENTRY FORM

Key Letters of Advertisements	A	B	C	D	E	F	G
Fill in the Key NUMBERS of the Phrases in the appropriate spaces on the right.							

In entering this competition I agree to accept the decision of the Advertisement Director of "John Bull" as final and legally binding.

SIGNATURE .....

ADDRESS .....
(Section 1) Write clearly in ink.

£20 MUST BE WON!

Coupons for Section 1

Other Free £20 Contests appear on pages 23, 25, 27 & 29.

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SIGNATURE .....

ADDRESS .....
(Section 1) Write clearly in Ink.

ARMY CLUBLETS

Dans l'estaminet

(in English, pub) —

L'Armée demande des ARMY CLUB

THE FRONT-LINE CIGARETTE

Sent DUTY FREE to members of the B.E.F. in France: 200 for 4/- 100 for 2/- Postage 9d. Order through your tobacconist.

Prices at 'Naafi' canteens with the B.E.F.

10 for 2½d—20 for 5d

ORDINARY PRICES:

10 for 6½d · 20 for 1'0½d

3-MINUTE MYSTERY

Who Killed Baker?

"It's easy to see who killed Baker," explained Captain Connolly, of the Intelligence

CAPTAIN CONNOLLY, of the Intelligence, came into his office to find Lieutenant Smythe questioning three men suspected of having something to do with the death of Warrant Officer Baker.

"You three are the only men who had either the time, or the motive," Smythe was saying. "Baker died of poisoning at eleven o'clock last night One of you three did it!"

"You can't blame me," said Private Hoskins. "I left him at five-thirty. That lets me out."

"That's the point," Smythe replied. "It doesn't.

"The pathologist found a number of half-dissolved drug tablets in Baker's stomach. Those tablets take several hours to dissolve. He's certain they must have been administered between five o'clock and six. That is the time you three were with him.

"How do your finger-prints come to be on Baker's drinking-glass, Hoskins?"

"I was thirsty. Baker gave me a drink of water! But I didn't poison him. I was there only a few minutes. I went to borrow a few 'bob' off him, but he was too mean!"

"What were you doing there, Lacebury?"

"Baker 'crimed' my brother for being 'disorderly.' I knew it was personal spite. He's had a 'down' on Tom ever since he came to the unit. I went to tell him not to make the kid's life a misery.

"I left him about twenty minutes past five. I remember looking at my watch as I walked out."

"What's your story, Jenkins?"

"Baker's been putting me on every fatigue possible for three months. He was always sticking his knife into someone. I'd had enough. I went to tell him that I was going to ask for a transfer. I couldn't stick it."

"I see," Smythe commented. "Baker wouldn't agree to let up, so you poisoned him."

"No, I didn't. S'welp me, I didn't."

"Well, one of you three did it," said Lieutenant Smythe. "I'm going to put you all in the guard-room until I get to the bottom of this."

"There's no need to do that, Smythe," Connolly said. "It's easy to see who killed Baker!"

WHAT DID HE MEAN?

(See page 24)

Continuing

Will Scott's Story

for the name of the play he would have been seeing with Mr. Mappin in happier circumstances. He walked out of the station and into the first tailor's shop he found. The best he could hope for now was to meet Mr. Mappin in on the next train

The tailor was a nice man with the name of Cully. Mr. Moon took to him at sight. So sympathetic, too, as he helped Mr. Moon choose a new overcoat. They got talking.

Mr. Cully knew Mr. Moon's home town. Often went there for his summer holidays. He even knew the Canterbury Bell.

They kept on talking, and when the deal was through Mr. Moon suggested a drink. They went to the downstairs bar beneath the Underground, where Mr. Cully introduced Mr. Moon to Mr. Link, who was having one on his own.

MR. MOON was by no means clear as to who Mr. Link was supposed to be—apart from the fact that he was a friend of Mr. Cully's—but he, too, was a very nice man and very sympathetic, and Mr. Cully had to dash away to look after the shop. Mr. Link and Mr. Moon had one together.

And after about three more Mr. Link said: "What about nipping across to the station to meet your friend in on the next train?"

Which they did.

And didn't. . . .

Because the next train had been in for half an hour, and Mr. Mappin, tired of waiting, had gone.

"Oh, dear!" said Mr. Moon.

Mr. Link, being a nice man, took pity on Mr. Moon.

"If you wouldn't mind having lunch with me," he suggested. "I know I'm practically a stranger, but any friend of Mr. Cully's is a friend of mine."

And Mr. Moon, liking Mr. Link more than ever, had lunch with Mr. Link somewhere in the City (without seeing Mr. Mappin as they had hoped); after which Mr. Link was Mr. Moon's guest at a matinee.

And at half-past six that evening, having had more than they needed, they finished up at Mr. Link's flat, not far from St. Paul's, taking a couple of bottles in for luck.

"I shall miss the seven-fifteen," said Mr. Moon.

"You can catch the next one," said Mr. Link, drawing a cork. "And we'll dig old Cully out to see you off. This has been a good day. I was at loose ends. It's been an adventure."

"Very nice," said Mr. Moon, beaming.

* * *

They were early for the nine-twenty, having dug old Cully out on the way. And early for the nine-twenty was Mr. Mappin, who had a plump red-faced man with him.

He introduced Mr. Smart, of Highgate.

"Haven't met for twenty years," he said. "Used to be at school together. Ran into him this morning, accidentally. We've been out."

"Do you know," said Mr. Moon, "that this is the first time my friend and I for fourteen years——"

"So I understand," said Mr. Smart. "Let's go and have one."

They had six. Then they all shook hands outside the carriage window, and Mr. Smart and Mr. Cully and Mr. Link promised to come down in the summer and really get to know the Canterbury Bell, and Mr. Moon swore he'd always buy his suits from Mr. Cully in future, and everybody called everybody else "old man," and the train steamed out.

The last thing they saw was a theatre bill.

"That's the show we ought to have seen together," said Mr. Moon. "By a coincidence I *did* see it, with dear old Link. We had two stalls."

"Well, I'm dashed! Dear old Smart and I had two seats in the circle!"

"Must have missed each other, what?" said Mr. Moon.

BUT since Mr. Mappin did not reply, Mr. Moon went to sleep as well.

They slept past their station and had to walk home.

"And *next* year," said Mr. Moon to the boys in the back room of the Canterbury Bell, "Mr. Link and Mr. Cully and Mr. Smart are going to meet us in at Victoria and we're going to make a day of it together. *Every* year. Finishing up at Mr. Link's flat."

The boys stared.

"You mean," they said, "you're going to make a sort of *habit* of it?"

"Three Musketeers," said Mr. Mappin. "Only there'll be five of us. Three of the nicest men you could hope to meet. Great pals, we were. It's all fixed. An annual date, for the day before Christmas Eve. Yes, year after year, just as Mr. Moon and I, for the last fourteen years. . . ."

And off they were again.

Gas the Tree Pests

By Richard Sudell

MANY insect pests, hibernating during the winter on branches and between the bark of fruit trees, emerge in spring to attack fruit blossom.

You can now kill these potential raiders by spraying trees with tar-oil wash—supplied in proprietary forms with instructions for use.

The material is diluted with water and applied to the trees with a syringe or a knapsack sprayer.

Spray the branches as well as the trunks of trees with the material, applying with plenty of force. Sprayed on to all forms of dormant trees and fruit bushes, tar-oil wash cleans by burning out the pests. Wear old gloves and clothes when using the spray.

The wash should be applied on a day when there is no wind, and vegetation or grass beneath trees should be protected with sacking.

Not only does this winter spray destroy the eggs of the aphis and other insect pests, but it also kills moss and lichen forming harbourage for pests. Neglected trees may require a second spray a few weeks later to destroy completely the parasites.

Other fruits now require attention.

Strawberries will need weeding. A surface mulch of strawy litter should be left around the plants.

Old wood should be cut away from black currants. They fruit on the young wood.

Cut away old raspberry canes, and tie in the young growths, taking care not to damage surface roots when forking the soil.

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2. Buy it once and you'll always like it.
3. You can't do better than try it.
4. You may pay more—you won't do better.
5. Everybody's Favourite.
6. Quantity and Quality.
7. Worthy of its reputation for economy and quality.

ADDRESS ENTRIES:
Fitting Phrases, "John Bull," 57-59, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Enter also for £20 Prizes on other pages—all entries may be included in same envelope.

A

Good to look at
Good to eat
Good for Health
that's

SHREDDED WHEAT

B

Every packet of Chivers Jelly contains a novel recipe which will make your party a sparkling success—and remember Chivers Jelly is flavoured with the juices of real fruit.

Chivers Jellies

REAL FRUIT FLAVOURS · RECIPE IN EVERY PACKET

C

Look up and Smile

Keep your chin up and smile the winning smile—the ODOL SMILE! And when you smile, you know that you reveal the beauty of pearly teeth.

So use Odol, the finest, smoothest tooth-paste made.

Odol

Get it at any chemist or stores 6d. and 1/- per tube.

D

You'll glow in a Blackout with

STONE'S GINGER WINE

If you've to go out these bleak, black nights—on civil defence, or just to post a letter—a sip of Stone's Ginger Wine will warm you, cheer you—and ward off a chill!

FAMOUS SINCE THE YEAR 1740.

E

For brightness on the HOME Front—use

MIN CREAM

FOR ALL HIGHLY POLISHED SURFACES

Tins 6d. & 1/-

Chiswick Products, Ltd., London, W.4.
M/DB/16

F

This is the famous glass-and-a-half that goes into every ½ lb block of

CADBURY'S MILK CHOCOLATE

Also 2d Blocks

G

FAVOURED for its FLAVOUR!

Distil Coffee is most economical, being a concentrated double strength essence made by a new process which retains unimpaired all the flavour and bouquet of freshly roasted and ground coffee making it vastly different from ordinary bottled coffee.

FREE GIFTS

Valuable free gifts in exchange for Distil Coffee Coupons.

WRITE FOR FREE GIFT BOOK TO:—

DISTIL MFG. CO. (1921) LTD., MOCHA HOUSE, MINT STREET, S.E.1.

DISTIL COFFEE

SOLD BY ALL GROCERS, 3½d., 6½d., 9½d., and 1/5 per bottle.

2 FREE ENTRY FORM

Key Letters of Advertisements	A	B	C	D	E	F	G
Fill in the Key NUMBERS of the Phrases in the appropriate spaces on the right.							

In entering this competition I agree to accept the decision of the Advertisement Director of "John Bull" as final and legally binding.

SIGNATURE .....

ADDRESS .....

(Section 2) Write clearly in ink.

£20 MUST BE WON!

Coupons for Section 2

Other Free £20 Contests appear on pages 21, 25, 27 & 29.

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HUMANIST *introduces a father who is haunted by his daughter's desire to become a "glamour girl." How can she be cured of this craving for expensive clothes and cosmetics?*

Mad about CLOTHES

There are thousands of girls living in a fantasy world. They crave expensive clothes, dream of living in luxury and refuse to face the truth

MY prescription for curing "false glamour girls" of their illusions about themselves is a dose of common-sense three times a day. And I offer this advice to all fathers troubled because their daughters are "mad about clothes and lipstick."

A troubled parent, anxious about his twenty-one-year-old daughter, writes to say that she is not a "bad girl, but is all swank and dress."

"She is mad on films and film stars," he adds.

"She does not keep a job long because she is soon dissatisfied, and she spends all her money on herself.

"She is always grumbling about her food, won't have this, and won't have that. And she won't do a thing in the house. She expects her mother to wait on her hand and foot. Nothing is ever right.

"I have lent her money from time to time, but she has never repaid a penny. I wouldn't mind this if only she would be different to her mother. But she won't alter."

There are thousands of such girls living in a fantasy world. They refuse to face the truth.

They imagine they are glamour girls. They want to live in a state of luxury. They crave for lovely evening gowns, fur coats, expensive clothes of every kind, and they feel it undignified to travel by 'bus when obviously they should be in a magnificent car.

They have good homes for which they should be grateful, but they cannot be satisfied with a semi-detached house in the suburbs when every night they dream of a mansion among Beverley Hills.

If only that girl would get rid of her illusions she would be reasonably happy and create happiness for other people. If only she would be dead honest with herself, or have a good laugh at herself.

I sometimes get a letter beginning, "I am a fairly average young fellow; not bad-looking, but not a film star by any means; and I'm reckoned pretty intelligent without being any sort of genius. . . ."

I like the man instinctively.

He is capable of listening to reason, and he would be a good companion with whom to work.

But I despair of being able to help anybody whose letter begins, "I am a genius but cannot get recognition."

The woman who marries such a man will have my deep sympathy. I have met several real geniuses, but they have all been extremely modest.

Sensible Girl

More delicate is the problem of the man whose pretensions are threatened by a woman he loves.

"I met a girl several years ago and started going about with her regularly, spending more money than was good for me because I wanted to impress her," confesses my correspondent.

"It was not necessary.

"She is a sensible girl, but that did not stop me. I have a habit of trying to impress people in this way. I fell in love and we are to be married very soon. We have a home ready to walk into and my job is safe.

"I have told her how much I can give her each week and she thinks she can manage to save a little, but she will naturally expect me to offer her gifts now and then and take her to the cinema. But I shall barely have enough for cigarettes.

"If I don't tell her the facts now she may think I am cooling off after marriage. If I do tell her she will think I have been showing off. This is no way to start our married life. But what can I do?"

Must Confess

This young man seems to have given the impression that his salary is far greater than it is. It would be wrong to wait until after marriage before breaking the news.

The girl must be told, not how much the man can give her, but how much he is earning.

It will probably be a shock for her. But if she is a sensible girl she will know how to handle the situation.

If she cares for the man enough to marry him she will see through his deception and agree to manage on less.

The man should do at once what he ought to have done months ago. He can only hope the girl will be forgiving.

And this is an excellent time to talk of forgiveness. It is an essential part of Christmas.

It may seem silly to talk of Christmas, with its message of Peace on earth and Good will towards men, when Europe is a cockpit of war.

But we need not contravene patriotism nor endanger our finances in celebrating Christmas.

We can strive for peace in the home and good will towards our neighbours. We might begin by freely forgiving everybody who has incurred our displeasure during the year.

Forgiveness is the cardinal virtue of the Christian religion, and (as William Blake said so emphatically) it is the one virtue that we are most unwilling to practise.

"Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us" is a simple philosophy that solves more than three-quarters of the problems harassing our lives and poisoning our happiness.

There is no better time for ending feuds than the birthday of the Prince of Peace. None of us is perfect. We all need to be forgiven our shortcomings. Our time on this earth is too brief to waste a day in making unhappiness either for ourselves or for others.

This should be borne in mind by so many of my correspondents.

It would help them enormously.

It is not easy to "forgive and forget," but it is abundantly worth trying. And we might remember, too, that after forgiveness tolerance can come very near to being among the first few Christian virtues, especially tolerance of other people's ideas.

Pacifist Parson

I say this for the benefit of a young woman who complains that their clergyman is a pacifist.

"I have two brothers in the Army in France," she says. "Both were a great help to my mother when they were at home. When she was getting over the blow of losing them a young parson came to preach in our church. He devoted his sermon to proving that he was a pacifist. It seemed hard to have to listen to him.

"It made me wonder whether it is worth while giving up a good home and job to serve your country when there are such people at home.

"When everybody is talking of war, I think people go to church to hear about the peace that 'passeth all understanding.' Maybe I am merely bitter because the war has taken away my brothers?"

During the last war many parsons preached fierce recruiting sermons, telling men that it was their duty to enlist.

They were strongly criticised afterwards for being carried away by the war spirit when they should have continued to preach the Gospel.

If this country were a totalitarian State our preachers would be told what to say. They would become mouthpieces of a dictator. But in a free country you have the right to express your own thoughts, and the preacher cannot be told what he must say.

My correspondent was hurt because the sermon seemed like an attack on her brothers, but, even though the preacher's ideas were wrong, he still has the right to expound them.

The sincere man will deliver his message although the world is against him.

"Humanist" devotes this page each week to solving human problems. And he invites you to seek his advice when you are perplexed. Write to him at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, enclosing a stamped addressed envelope. He pays a guinea for each letter quoted.

3-MINUTE MYSTERY SOLUTION

Connolly meant that Warrant Officer Baker had poisoned himself. The presence of half-dissolved *tablets* in his stomach showed that Baker must have committed suicide.

A murderer could not administer poison in tablet form. He would have to reduce tablets to powder.

Don't Risk Disappointment

"If I was still young enough to keep a diary I would put a black mark against last Thursday's date," writes Reader J. W. H., of New Brighton, Cheshire. "I couldn't buy a copy of JOHN BULL last Thursday, even though I searched every shop from Seacombe to Wallasey village.

"I know now just what you meant by saying that every reader should order his JOHN BULL."

JOHN BULL regrets that such a devoted reader should be disappointed in this way. But difficulties of distribution beyond our control make it impossible for us to do any more.

You can blame only war-time conditions.

But you can avoid disappointment if you order your copy from your newsagent.

Make sure of your JOHN BULL and have the added comfort and security that is given by our Free Air Raid Insurance.

Cosmetics Can't Conceal CATARRH

You cannot cover up that poor, red nose, those puffed, watery eyes. You must get to the root of the trouble—by putting a few drops of Vick-Vatronol up each nostril. As the tingling medication spreads swiftly over the sore, tender lining of your nose, a miracle happens! Clogging mucus loosens, swollen tissues shrink to normal, every breath is cool and delightful. Your head clears, your eyes brighten, you *look* as much better as you feel! What is more, if you use Vick-Vatronol at the first sneeze, you can *prevent* many a cold entirely.

At chemists, 1/6, or send 2d. in stamps for a trial bottle to "Vick," 211, Blackfriars Road, London, S.E.1.

VICK-VATRONOL
BRAND NASAL MEDICAMENT

SKIN DISEASES *Miraculously Cured by* HERBAL TREATMENT

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

Thousands cured during the last 30 years when other treatments have failed. Eczema, Psoriasis and other Skin troubles banished like magic. Write for FREE BOOK and convincing testimony.

J. ROBINSON & SONS (BRADFORD), LTD., 11, KUREM HOUSE, BRADFORD.

£20 MUST BE WON FITTING PHRASES NO ENTRANCE FEE

On this page are reproduced seven advertisements and a series of descriptive phrases. Which phrase do you consider best applies to each advertisement? A prize of £20 will be awarded to the reader who on either form submits the correct or nearest correct placing of the seven phrases in the most appropriate manner as decided by the Advertisement Director of "John Bull." In the event of a tie the prize of £20 will be equally divided. The prize of £20 must be won. THERE IS NO ENTRANCE FEE—all that you have to do is to study carefully the advertisements and the phrases on this page. Each advertisement has a LETTER in the top left-hand corner and each of the phrases is NUMBERED. On the Entry Form below indicate in INK the way in which the seven phrases in your opinion apply most aptly to each of the seven advertisements by writing PHRASE NUMBERS in the blank spaces underneath the LETTERS on Coupon. No phrase may be used more than once. No correspondence will be entered into. Send your entries in an envelope sealed (1½d. stamp).

CLOSING DATE:
Wed., Jan. 10th, 1940.
The name of the winner or winners will be announced in "John Bull" soon published Thursday, Feb. 1.

FIT THESE PHRASES—ENTER ON COUPONS BELOW

1. To be so popular it must be good.
2. Buy it once and you'll always like it.
3. You can't do better than try it.
4. You may pay more—you won't do better.
5. Everybody's Favourite.
6. Quantity and Quality.
7. Worthy of its reputation for economy and quality.

ADDRESS ENTRIES:
Fitting Phrases, "John Bull,"
57-59, Long Acre,
London, W.C.2.

Enter also for £20 Prizes on other pages—all entries may be included in same envelope.

A
Fight nerves, worry, fatigue with
THE QUICK ACTION TONIC
Wincarnis is putting new heart into thousands of women who were feeling 'just a bit down.' For war-time nerviness and over-strain, there is no substitute for the quick restorative action of Wincarnis. You can *feel* the strength flowing into you, from the fine wines reinforced with beef and malt extracts. BUY WINCARNIS NOW. THE PRICE IS NOT YET UP IN SPITE OF THE NEW WINE DUTY
Health is priceless
WINCARNIS
Still only 5/6 and 3/3

B
REST ASSURED
Cow & Gate
VITAMIN "D"
MALTED MILK
is the finest
'NIGHTCAP'

©2394

C
Smoke the Navy's favourite Cigarette

Ardath
STRAIGHT CUT
10 for 6D.
Right in Price Size and Quality

D
SHUN! *untidiness*
BRYLCREEM
your hair

In handy Active Service tubes (also jars and bottles) 1/- Larger bottles 1/6, 1/9, 2/6.
THE PERFECT HAIR DRESSING
County Perfumery Co. Ltd., London, N.W.10

E
SPOTLIGHT ON ECONOMY
A War-Time MONEY SAVER

A INCH GOES A LONG WAY
OF CHEMISTS AND STORES 1/9 AND 1/-
TRIAL SIZE 6D.

F
Ever-Ready
CORRUX
Blades
They're Keener for Cleaner Shaves!

Reg. Design No. 806671
Pat. No. 448262

G

"It's marvellous how you keep the floors so brilliant with the children about"
"That's the value of a good polish Granny.—MANSION POLISH makes it so easy."
Mansion Polish
FOR FLOORS, FURNITURE & LINOLEUM
Tins 3d., 6d. and larger sizes.
Chiswick Products, Ltd., London, W.4.

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HEALTH news

If nerve suffering is your trouble read these two remarkable cases, which show you how to overcome your weakness and make a good recovery.

Wife suffered from **NERVES, SLEEPLESSNESS, DEPRESSION**

Here is a letter briefly but vividly recording the recovery of a woman whose husband had been driven nearly desperate with worry. He writes :—

"*My wife suffered from nerves, sleeplessness and depression. On the advice of a friend we decided to try Dr. Cassells Tablets and soon found the nervousness and sleeplessness disappearing. Now she improves daily — and no words of mine can tell you just what we owe to your great product Dr. Cassells Tablets.*" (signed) C. W., East Didsbury, Manchester.

NOW — "She improves daily!"

THE BLESSING OF HEALTH

Here is a letter of deep interest to all men round about 50—60 who have felt their health declining. It reads :—

"*I started to take Dr. Cassells Tablets some years ago and now at my age of 56 I feel as fit as a good many men half my age, by simply resorting to Dr. Cassells as soon as I begin to find my digestion becoming impaired or my nerves troublesome. Dr. Cassells Tablets give me one of the greatest blessings — the Blessing of Good Health.*" (signed) C.A.C., Watford

NOW — At 56 feels as fit as men half his age!

Feed your Nerves with

Dr. CASSELLS TABLETS BRAND

—AND YOU WILL

EAT BETTER!

SLEEP BETTER!

FEEL BETTER!

1/3, 3/- and 5/-. Trial size 6d.

The Great Nerve Tonic and Body Builder

Have you entered the free "FITTING PHRASES" COMPETITION on pages 21, 23, 25, 27 & 29.

£100 in Cash Prizes must be WON!

VOICE of the PEOPLE

I READ in JOHN BULL that in France every man between twenty and forty-eight is in uniform. Why isn't this true of Britain?

Men like myself, who have done our bit of fighting, are staggered at the number of healthy young men one sees in civilian clothes.—William Newall, 5, Blakehall Road, Carshalton, Surrey.

Authorities take men as they are wanted. It is foolish to take them quicker than we—and France—need them. We had many battlefronts in the last war. This time, as yet, there is one, and there have been no casualties on a big scale to replace.

"Little Traders"

AFTER more than three years of unemployment, I opened a small shop. I saved both the State and the local authorities money by my courage—and courage it was, seeing that I had only half-a-crown in cash when I first opened the doors.

To-day, through the war, I am not making 3s. a week profit. My wife and I scarcely manage to exist. But because I staked everything and saved the country money in doing so there is no unemployment allowance for me now.

Surely an unemployment insurance scheme—or something approximating—could be started for "little traders."—B. J., Crosshill, Glasgow, S.2.

Hush, Hush, Please

TRAVELLING on Sunday last in a long-distance train from Paddington I had as companions some Dover patrol sailors, who made public information that would seriously have imperilled themselves and their pals had it reached Nazi ears.

We have to be more careful yet.—Catherine Newell, 91b, Church Street, N.W.4.

Four-fifths of the information collected by enemy agents in the last war and intercepted by our counter-espionage service was obtained wholly or partly through indiscreet conversation.

Old School Ties

MR. HORE-BELISHA deserves our thanks for many excellent Army reforms. **The new rule that commissions can only be got by going through the ranks first is very praiseworthy.**

- *Ex-Soldier Staggered*
- *Profit Only 3s. a Week*
- *Don't Talk Too Much*
- *A Censor's Mistake*
- *Post-Office Retorts*

But there is a tendency to push "old-school-tie" men into the ranks with a promise that they will soon get their commissions.

And that is not in the true spirit of these reforms.—S. R. Roader, Avignon Road, Brockley, S.E.4.

His Mistake!

MY name is *not* Vera. So I was staggered, on opening a letter from my soldier husband, to find that his note began, "My Darling Vera."

Fortunately, I know my husband's handwriting as well as I know my husband. It was obvious that the censor had mixed letters.

A certain number of domestic tragedies might be caused if greater care is not taken.—Mrs. Seymour, Glan Ely House, Merthyr Road, Pontypridd.

CENSORING LETTERS IS FREQUENTLY A SPARE-TIME JOB FOR OFFICERS, WHO MAY HAVE BEEN BUSY ON FIELD WORK. A FEW MISTAKES ARE UNDERSTANDABLE. PROBABLY NOT ONE LETTER IN A HUNDRED THOUSAND GETS IN IN THE WRONG ENVELOPE.

The Missing Letter

IT has just been ascertained that not one letter in four received in Glasgow bears the initial and number of the postal district—although the system was instituted in 1922.

We British truly adopt new ideas very slowly.

But we punish ourselves. By the slackness I have mentioned we delay our letters by twenty-four hours.—A. R. M., Cathcart, Glasgow.

Vast majority of letters posted in London to London addresses bear details of postal district—but the same cannot be said of letters from provinces to London.

I Am an Alien!

HAVING fought throughout the last war, I went to California to recover from wounds.

I took out papers for United States citizenship.

Returning "to do my bit," I find myself ineligible for the Services or for A.R.P. duties.

I am treated as an alien.

I have to notify the police of every movement.

How many men who did their bit are in this position?—L. W. E., Chelmsford, Essex.

MANY!

● *This is YOUR page—a weekly opportunity for readers to tell the world their news and views.*

We pay **10s. 6d.** *for each letter published and an extra* **10s. 6d.** *if we use your own photograph to illustrate a letter.*

The address is: "Voice of the People," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Race with "Silver Ring"

Spring Double Assured

THE assured prospect of a real "Spring Double" at Lincoln and Liverpool, and the publication of the entries for the Ascot Gold Cup and Coronation Cup at Epsom, make the 1940 racing outlook a deal brighter than we were anticipating.

It is still full early to express optimism that next season's complete fixture list of the Jockey Club will be carried through as arranged, but it is evidently the intention of the Stewards to make every effort to do so. And the Jockey Club has good friends in high places.

Attendances at recent meetings have demonstrated beyond a doubt that the public welcome a little relaxation from their war work, and there's nothing like an afternoon's racing to dispel any traces of "jitters."

Congratulations to the Haydock Park executive upon staging an event for horses ridden by jockeys, amateur or professional, who are serving with H.M. Forces.

It is always pleasing to see the soldier-riders at our meetings, though I have heard that the favouritism shown to them in the matter of leave from military duties causes some discontent among their companions in arms.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE

The Code covers racing from Thursday, December 21, to Wednesday, December 27.

B	A	K	X	U	Z	R	98	N	96	G	E	D	V	H	J
I	95	S	O	Y	97	L	W	T	F	94	M	P	Q	C	93

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below as the case may be. Example: LXU95RE95BR would read ROYAL MAIL. Where a double letter occurs in a name the figure 2 is substituted. K95E2U would read SAMMY.

Tommy, Jack and Bill

IF you cannot continue with insurance payments because of the war and have received a "lapse" notice from the company, don't destroy the policy. **And don't accept a surrender value.**

We expect legislation soon to cover full benefits on all policies.

Negotiations between the Government and insurance companies are well advanced. An official statement will be made early in the New Year.

If you have any other war problem, JOHN BULL's Free Advice Service will solve it.

Whether it concerns the welfare of the men in the Forces or the folks they've left behind them; whether it revolves round Service pensions of the last war or rent problems of this, our experts are waiting to tackle it.

Here are a few examples from their post-bag:—

F. N., Edinburgh.—"I am a widower, unable to work. My son, who has supported me since August, is to be called up. Shall I get an allowance, and how much?"

There are three rates: 12s., 17s., and 20s. 6d., according to circumstances. These sums include the 7s. or more that the Serviceman allots from his pay. Instances in which the dependency started within six months of the man joining up are decided on their merits.

Mrs. H., Hampshire.—"Can I object, because of ill-health, to soldiers being billeted in my house?"

Protest to the tribunal created by your local council.

O. D., Chichester.—"My brother is in a unit stationed in an isolated French village without any form of indoor amusement. How can they get cards or a dartboard?"

Write to Army Comforts Depot, St. Mary's Butts, Reading, Berks.

J. E., Llanberis.—"My son wants to transfer from the Army to the R.A.F."

He should apply to his Commanding Officer.

WHATEVER YOUR QUERY, WRITE TO "JOHN BULL" ABOUT IT!

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3. You can't do better than try it.
4. You may pay more—you won't do better.
5. Everybody's Favourite.
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7. Worthy of its reputation for economy and quality.

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57-59, Long Acre,
London, W.C.2.

Enter also for £20 Prizes on other pages—all entries may be included in same envelope.

A

Euthymol used overnight means early morning freshness

EUTHYMOL
THE TOOTH PASTE OF THE HOUR

PRICE 1/3 OF ALL CHEMISTS

B

WORTH THEIR SALT!

. . . and just the snack for your Christmas party. They are delicious with cocktails. Being cooked in pure vegetable oil they aid digestion. They are ideal for a quick lunch, having

SIX TIMES THE FOOD VALUE OF BOILED POTATOES

SMITH'S
POTATO CRISPS
PER 2d PACKET

C

The TRUVOICE Five

IS A LOW-PRICED ALL-WAVE RADIO SET OF SUPERLATIVE QUALITY

- All-wave A.C. D.C. 200/250 V. world wide reception.
- Five International Ocean valves.
- Attractive walnut cabinet.
- Automatic volume control prevents fading of long wave stations.
- Superior quality Walnut Cabinet.

OBTAINABLE FROM ALL LEADING RADIO DEALERS AND STORES or if you experience any difficulty send direct to

SELMER 6½ GNS

(Henri Selmer and Co., Ltd.)
114, CHARING CROSS RD., LONDON, W.C.2

D

RADIO "WONDER SETS" AT CURRYS . . .

All-wave Sets that bring the thrill of the world's news, music, programmes and speeches—direct to your fireside! Radiograms! Portable Sets of marvellous power! Free home demonstrations showing you how good radio reception can be in your home! Get the BEST out of Radio this Xmas—from Currys of course!

Still on Britain's easiest of Easy Terms.

Finest Selection of Leading Makers.

Many amazing Cash Price Bargains.

Unequalled Service Rentals from 1/6 weekly.

CALL OR WRITE FOR BIG NEW Xmas Folder ITS FREE!

Currys

Head Office: Gt. West Rd., Brentford, Middlesex.

E

thanks to
CHERRY BLOSSOM BOOT POLISH
Tins 1½d., 2½d., 4½d. and 6d.
Chiswick Products, Ltd., London, W.4.
CB/PL/12

F

FOR YOUR THROAT

In wet, damp weather your throat is especially susceptible to infection. Protect it with these luscious blackcurrant flavoured pastilles.

Allenburys
GLYCERINE & BLACKCURRANT
PASTILLES
FROM CHEMISTS ONLY, 8½d. & 1/4

G

"FOR BETTER SHAVES"
WARDONIA
BLADES
SO PUT A PACKET IN HIS NEXT PARCEL

LARGE PACKET 2/6 AT LEAST 2 MONTHS SUPPLY

SOLD EVERYWHERE
THOMAS WARD & SONS LTD.
WARDONIA WORKS

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Even when he lost an eye, foolhardy bare-knuckle champion, Jem Belcher, was too proud to admit that he was no longer

Napoleon of Boxing

Into the air went Jem, and down he crashed to lay sick and winded.

A. W. HELLIWELL *continues Giants of the Ring*

THE company in that snug little Soho tavern, the "Jolly Butchers," is silent and subdued. Most evenings at this hour you'd find it difficult to make yourself heard in the crowded, smoky taproom.

There'd be rousing songs and sparkling talk, and the gleaming tankards of good English ale would be banging and rattling on the old oak bar.

Jem Belcher, the landlord, would be holding court, the centre of an admiring circle hearing in open-mouth wonder how he had thrashed "Bully" Berks and John "Young Ruffian" Firley in those proud days when he had reigned as Napoleon of the Ring.

There is no singing and precious little talk. Now and again a customer will sigh and shake his head and drain his pot, saying: "Poor old Jem," as he tiptoes out.

For they buried Jem Belcher this afternoon.

He had just turned thirty, and was as "rare a plucked 'un as ever graced the green before the Fancy."

Poor, unfortunate, vainglorious Jem!

To the devil with his faults, say what you will of his follies, there's no denying his skill and courage, and it will be many a long day before the "Jolly Butchers" will seem the same again.

How he loved to stand straddle-legged before the fire, boasting of his conquests, recapturing the thrills of the days when, as a boy of twenty, he had won the championship and defended it against all the toughest and roughest "pugs" of the ring.

He'd flourish his broken, battle-scarred maulers and tell of this triumph and that, and vow that even still, one-eyed though he might be, there wasn't a man in all England to stand against him.

He would admit no man his master, and that proved his downfall. With foolhardy confidence, he emerged from peaceful retirement to fight himself to a standstill in a vain effort to prove that he was still invincible.

Softened by his nights in the "Jolly Butchers" and handicapped by his blind eye, Jem took three terrible thrashings, so that it was no wonder that he was left with no strength or vitality with which to fight the chill that caused his death.

BELCHER won the championship when he beat "Irish" Andrew Gamble on Wimbledon Common in December, 1800, and for three years he held it against all challenges until he lost an eye.

Jem was a handsome, engaging young man, a great favourite with the sporting bucks and bloods of the day, and one of his chief relaxations was to play racquets with the wealthy in the St. Martin's Lane fives court. During one of these games, a blow from a flying ball smashed one of the knuckle-fighting champion's eyes.

Against his will, Jem was persuaded that it would be folly to continue fighting now, and so out of his savings (and he had made a tidy sum) he bought the "Jolly Butchers."

Having retired undefeated, Jem proudly assumed that he still held the title, and, indeed, for two years no one appeared to challenge that right.

Then along came another Bristol lad, Henry Pearce, colourfully dubbed the "Game Chicken" by the Fancy because of his dauntless pluck.

In his days as champion, Jem Belcher had given the Chicken his first lessons in the art of knuckle fighting, and had introduced him to London sporting circles.

With Jem basking in the reflected glory of his triumphs, Henry Pearce began building himself a useful reputation, and finally, having licked John Gulley after fifty-nine bloody rounds, he came out in the open and boldly declared himself champion.

Jem was furious when he heard Henry Pearce of all men. The lad he had taught and fostered, impertinently attempting to usurp his throne!

He would not listen to wiser counsels, but stormed out of his retirement to throw down the gauntlet.

THE Chicken was willing enough to put the matter to a test, and on a bleak December day, near Doncaster, the two squared, met on the iron-hard turf.

Rugged and sturdy as an oak, the Chicken looked in the pink. He knew his limitations. He made no pretence of skill or science. But he was sure of his tremendous strength.

Jem showed ample evidence of those gay nights in his tavern taproom. No longer lean, grown fat and flabby, he knew well enough that he must depend upon his skill and cunning.

It had served him well in the past against such brawny battlers as Paddington Jones and Bully Berks. He was brimming with confidence.

Eager to get to grips, where his superior weight and strength would give him the advantage, the Chicken forced the pace, but Jem coolly kept him at arm's length, employing the straight left, the punch of which he was the first real exponent.

Half-turned, so that his one good eye was focused on Pearce, he jabbed again and again with that long left. Then, swinging his right savagely, opened up a great gash over the Chicken's right eye.

The mighty punch that had made Jem champion of champions was still there, and Pearce, half blinded by the gushing blood, reeled helplessly back.

Not for nothing had young Henry been called the Game Chicken. Pluckily he came in, while Jem's hard maulers pounded his face and ribs, and then, winding his mighty arms about the tavern-keeper's body, he heaved.

Into the air went Jem, and down he crashed, to lay sick and winded by the force of his fall.

Soon he was keeping his feet only by sheer will power. Realising that his bolt was shot, he staged a last desperate rally, sailing in as he had done in his prime, fists swinging so fast that you scarce could follow them, hitting Pearce how, when and where he liked.

It was vain. Pearce came out for the next round as fresh as ever, and Jem knew that he was facing defeat.

Yet he battled on to the eighteenth round. Battered almost beyond recognition, he then found that he could not even raise his aching fists.

So they carried him to his corner, while the Chicken leaped in and out of the ring and turned a neat somersault to prove how fresh he was.

Eighteen months later, still boastfully sure that he could regain his former glory, he sent a challenge from the parlour of the "Jolly Butchers" to Tom Cribb, a great ox of a man who was reigning champion.

Coal-heaving had given him the strength of three normal men, and because of his former calling he was known as the Black Diamond.

Champion though he was, Cribb looked pretty foolish in the opening rounds, with Jem providing a fine display of fist-fighting.

In and out he danced, plastering the bewildered coal-heaver with a dazzling succession of lefts and rights.

After one desperate attack he left Cribb prostrate and unconscious in his corner, and his seconds had to work desperately with ice-cold water to revive him in time to take his stand.

FROM that moment the fortunes of the fight changed.

Jem had battered his hands to pulp on Cribb's iron frame, and, as his legs grew tired and ceased to carry him out of danger swiftly enough, the Black Diamond set to work.

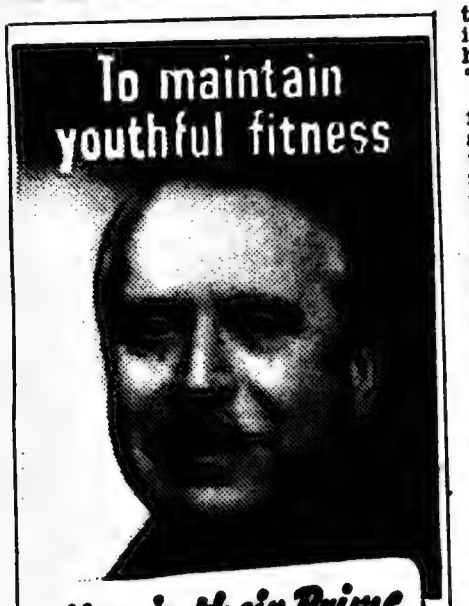
After lasting forty-one rounds, the one-eyed Napoleon of the ring, so called because of his striking resemblance to "Boney," had to admit defeat.

When it was over, he went among the spectators showing them his broken hands to prove he had done his best.

Two years later Jem Belcher, refusing to believe that he was finished, challenged and fought the Black Diamond again.

This time he went down before Cribb's terrible pile-driving punches after thirty-one rounds of fierce fighting.

In spite of these failures, marking his attempts to stage a come-back, Jem Belcher is still remembered among the giants of the sport.


To maintain youthful fitness
Men in their Prime take Beechams Pills
Keep cheerful, energetic and clear-headed. Remember the Golden Rule of Health: a timely dose of Beechams Pills. They are gentle, natural, effective, reliable. They prevent constipation, liverishness, digestive upsets and overweight. Beechams Pills are sold eve ywhere. Get some today.
BEECHAMS PILLS ST. HELENS
Worth a Guinea a Box

£20 MUST BE WON FITTING PHRASES NO ENTRANCE FEE

On this page are reproduced seven advertisements and a series of descriptive phrases. Which phrase do you consider best applies to each advertisement? A prize of £20 will be awarded to the reader who on either form submits the correct or nearest correct placing of the seven phrases in the most appropriate manner as decided by the Advertisement Director of "John Bull." In the event of a tie the prize of £20 will be equally divided. The prize of £20 must be won. THERE IS NO ENTRANCE FEE—all that you have to do is to study carefully the advertisements and the phrases on this page. Each advertisement has a LETTER in the top left-hand corner and each of the phrases is NUMBERED. On the Entry Form below indicate in INK the way in which the seven phrases in your opinion apply most aptly to each of the seven advertisements by writing PHRASE NUMBERS in the blank spaces underneath the LETTERS on Coupon. No phrase may be used more than once. No correspondence will be entered into. Send your entries in an envelope sealed (1½d. stamp).

CLOSING DATE:
Wed., Jan. 10th, 1940.

The name of the winner or winners will be announced in "John Bull" issue published Thursday, Feb. 1.

FIT THESE PHRASES—ENTER ON COUPONS BELOW

1. To be so popular it must be good.
2. Buy it once and you'll always like it.
3. You can't do better than try it.
4. You may pay more—you won't do better.
5. Everybody's Favourite.
6. Quantity and Quality.
7. Worthy of its reputation for economy and quality.

ADDRESS ENTRIES:
Fitting Phrases, "John Bull,"
57-59, Long Acre,
London, W.C.2.

Enter also for £50 Prizes on other pages—all entries may be included in same envelope.

A

FREE
AUTHORITATIVE BOOKLET on
INFECTIOUS DISEASES

There are measures which you can take now to save health and life in your family. War and evacuation may greatly increase the dangers of infection this winter. Learn how to guard against Diphtheria, Scarlet Fever, Measles, Whooping Cough, Influenza, etc.—Apply for free Booklet "URGENT WAR MEMORANDUM ON INFECTIOUS DISEASES."

Write to the SANITAS CO. LTD., Book Dept. J.B., 81, Clapham Road, S.W.9.

SANITAS
THE SAFEGUARD

B

SAFEGUARD YOUR HEALTH

Wear a Corset designed especially for you and for you alone. Incorrect posture and ugly lines can usually be traced to badly fitting corsets. In order to look and feel young, have a Spencer corsetiere make a special study of your figure, and ensure corsets that fit. Spencer Corsets are washable and inexpensive and are recommended by over 30,000 Doctors throughout the world.

Write Spencer Corsets Ltd., Banbury, Oxon, for name and address of nearest Corsetiere and be certain of obtaining a genuine

SPENCER

Individually Designed Foundation Garment or Surgical Support.

A Woman's first necessity, especially if engaged on strenuous War Duties.

C

EAT ANYTHING YOU LIKE!
—without "after-effects"

ENJOY your food and banish the dread of after-meal pains by taking Opas brand MacLean Tablets. Prepared with a powder formula prescribed by the Eminent Specialist, Dr. Hugh MacLean, Opas Tablets are a certain and palatable aid to good digestion. Obtainable only from Qualified Chemists in handy tins at 8d. and 1/1d.

OPAS BRAND **MACLEAN** STOMACH DIGESTIVE **TABLETS**

For those who prefer powder 'OPAS' is obtainable in Powder form at 8d., 1/1d. and 1/10½d.

D

COLDS and INFLUENZA
are quickly cured
by
Cephos REG.
THE PHYSICIANS' REMEDY

SINGLE DOSE Tablets or Powder
From all Chemists and Stores in tablet or powder form 1/3 and 3/-
Proprietors: Cephos Ltd., Blackburn, Lancs.

2D.

E

It costs so little to beautify the home with

VARNENE THE FINER OIL VARNISH STAIN

Tins 6d., 1/- & 1/6 V/FX/39

Chiswick Products, Ltd., London, W.4.

F

TO KEEP YOUR SKIN CLEAR AND HEALTHY

Use Cuticura Soap—which combines the healing and antiseptic properties of Cuticura with the mildest, creamiest soap base ever discovered. The perfect soap for tender skins.

Of all Chemist and Stores.

Cuticura SOAP

G

Will not wash off in the rain!

Gives a colourful finish to Red Tiles, Front Steps, Brick and Cement Paths, etc.

TINS 6d. & 1/-

CARDINAL POLISH

In Red, White, Cream, Green, Buff and Transparent. Of all Dealers.

CHISWICK PRODUCTS LTD. LONDON W.4

C/B175

5 FREE ENTRY FORM

Key Letters of Advertisements	A	B	C	D	E	F	G
Fill in the Key NUMBERS of the Phrases in the appropriate spaces on the right.							

In entering this competition I agree to accept the decision of the Advertisement Director of "John Bull" as final and legally binding.

SIGNATURE .....

ADDRESS .....

(Section 5) Write clearly in ink.

£20 MUST BE WON!

Coupons for Section 5

Other Free £20 Contests appear on pages 21, 23, 25 & 27.

5 FREE ENTRY FORM

Key Letters of Advertisements	A	B	C	D	E	F	G
Fill in the Key NUMBERS of the Phrases in the appropriate spaces on the right							

In entering this competition I agree to accept the decision of the Advertisement Director of "John Bull" as final and legally binding.

SIGNATURE .....

ADDRESS .....

(Section 5) Write clearly in Ink.

Readers' War Time Story by Miss Olga Royston

I danced with a GHOST!

This story of a ghost of the black-out is typical of many adventures brought to the most prosaic lives by war. JOHN BULL, eager to reveal these true war time adventures, offers five guineas for every reader's story published. Told in a thousand words, the story must be real experience—*and* it must be about this war.

"MAY I have the pleasure?" said the Ghost, bowing and extending me the crook of his arm.

His invitation at the fancy-dress party still rings in my ears. And the fantastic picture it conjures still makes me laugh, even though the end of that evening was by no means a laughing matter.

I was there through an accident in the black-out.

Earlier the previous evening I had come off duty as an assistant ambulance driver, and, after "treating" myself to a visit to the cinema, I was hurrying along to Piccadilly Circus to catch a homeward 'bus.

As I stepped off the kerb to cross Lower Regent Street a car swerved in front of me. The wing brushed my thigh and caused me to fall.

A tall young man in evening-clothes helped me to my feet and enquired most anxiously whether I was hurt. But I was too shocked and dazed to know. Still, we both noticed that my hand was bleeding.

☆

"Sorry," he said. "It was my fault, but it was difficult to see the darkened traffic lights distinctly. Better get into the car and I'll take you to a doctor."

He drove along Regent Street, saying he'd a doctor friend in Harley Street. When we got there, his friend was out, but I felt much better. I told him it would be all right if he could run me home. He did.

The car was a high-powered low saloon, and I imagined that the young man was quite well-to-do.

He was handsome, dark-complexioned with hair brushed well back off his forehead and he had a soft caressing voice that was most attractive.

Before dropping me at my home, he told me he was going to a fancy-dress party not far away the next evening. As an afterthought he added, "Wouldn't you like to come? I owe you a pleasant evening after this mishap."

"Yes . . . but . . ." I hesitated, "what sort of a party is it? I've no fancy-dress at such short notice."

"Oh, it's a black-out dance for some sort of charity. It's bound to be a mixed affair, but it's sure to be jolly good fun. Some of Chelsea's highbrows will be there!"

"Yes, but—what shall I come as? . . . I've only a black evening-dress to my name. . . ."

"Why not appear as a black-out casualty," he suggested, looking down at my wrist. "You have the dress. Black gloves, a mask over your face and shoulders, a black electric shade as a hat, and your arm in a black sling. What fun! Do say 'Yes'?" . . .

My handsome young friend called for me next evening, completely disguised—as a ghost!

He raised long flowing sleeves from his white-encased body. Pillow-case, pointed at top, was his headgear with two apertures for eyes. And as he was more than six feet tall, he looked an impressive figure.

"By Jove, you've got a nerve to show yourself at a young woman's home in that disguise," I said. We both laughed. He was all white, and I was all black. It really was funny!

☆

We were soon blinking our "black-out eyes" under the glittering chandelier lights of an expansive drawing-room, to which, with curtained partition drawn, the adjoining dining-room had been added for the purpose of the dance.

There must have been nearly a hundred and fifty dancers. Bejewelled dowagers, obviously "very Kensington," and ultra-modern young women, obviously "very Chelsea."

Despite all their amusing black-out disguises, my friend the ghost was the "big hit."

I was flattered, and a little jealous. His popularity didn't keep him long as a partner.

"May I have the pleasure?" he said, giving me the first dance.

It was a fox-trot and the black-out casualty quick-stepped with the ghost.

"May I have the pleasure of the first dance?" said he.

"May I have the pleasure?" . . . I was sufficiently romantic about my friend to have ears that heard him repeat the familiar invitation to others many times that night.

My only consoling thought was that he seemed more interested in the bejewelled dowagers than in my younger rivals!

While we were having refreshments, he amused us with a few conjuring tricks.

He put a gold watch in my hand-bag, transferred a card from a long-haired young man's pocket to the sleeve of a mink coat in the cloakroom, and handed back a dowager a pearl necklace that he had removed.

Combination of ghost and conjurer, he deserved a prize!

When, long after midnight, three women forming the judging committee decided to give a prize for the most original male costume, my friend had vanished.

☆

He had gone with "a-back-in-a-minute" excuse and could not be found to receive his prize.

He had gone.

So had a dowager's necklace and the mink coat.

In the confusion I remembered the gold watch trick and I opened my hand-bag to see whether my week's pay had also vanished.

It was safe.

I was closely questioned about my friend, but I could not tell any more about him than I've told you.

I could throw no light on whether he was a thief as well as the "hit" of the evening.

Things certainly looked black!

Eventually a young man dressed as a de-illuminated traffic signal drove me home, to make sure, I thought, that I had left behind my correct address!

I still think of my "ghost" with the friendliest feelings. He certainly was a Black-out Knight.

Have YOU entered the FITTING PHRASES Free COMPETITION?

£100 Cash Must be Won!

THIS week 5 separate cheques of £20 each are offered in a simple advertisement competition appearing on pages 21, 23, 25, 27 and 29. Don't on any account miss it. All prizes must be won. No entrance fee! Why not make it a fireside game and get all the family to help?

Full details are given on each page, for which separate prizes of £20 are being awarded. There are 2 free coupons on each page—10 in all—so send in your entries NOW and make a "bee-line" for one of these £20 cheques. Coupons from all pages can be enclosed in same envelope, sealed (1½d. stamp).

TURN NOW TO Pages 21, 23, 25, 27 & 29.

A Friend You Can Trust

Napoleon said that four hostile newspapers were to be feared more than a thousand bayonets.

And a friendly newspaper?

Obviously it is a friend to whom you can turn in time of trouble. JOHN BULL is *your* friend. Let JOHN BULL share your troubles.

Write to us if in doubt about anything; business, finance and domestic difficulties can be solved with our help.

You may write to us on any subject. There is an expert staff to deal with all queries. So—

WRITE TO JOHN BULL ABOUT IT.

Send your enquiry to JOHN BULL'S Free Advice Service, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, enclosing stamped addressed envelope.

That means a lot . . . from a pipe-smoker at Christmas time. So many men enjoy the rich, ripe flavour of Player's 'Digger' all the year round that . . . no wonder this fine Empire tobacco is so much in demand when the gift season is here.

PLAYER'S

DIGGER

TOBACCO

P.D.76

An Important SAFEGUARD to help you in Your Spending

ONLY reliable firms are allowed to advertise in JOHN BULL. Readers, therefore, need never hesitate to buy from them or respond to offers, for they are all of proved value. Of vital importance is the particular care taken to ensure that no reader suffers any loss or disappointment through any of the goods purchased from advertisements in JOHN BULL—that is why the "John Bull" Guarantee appears in every issue. Your safeguard! Here it is!

"John Bull" Guarantee

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee:—

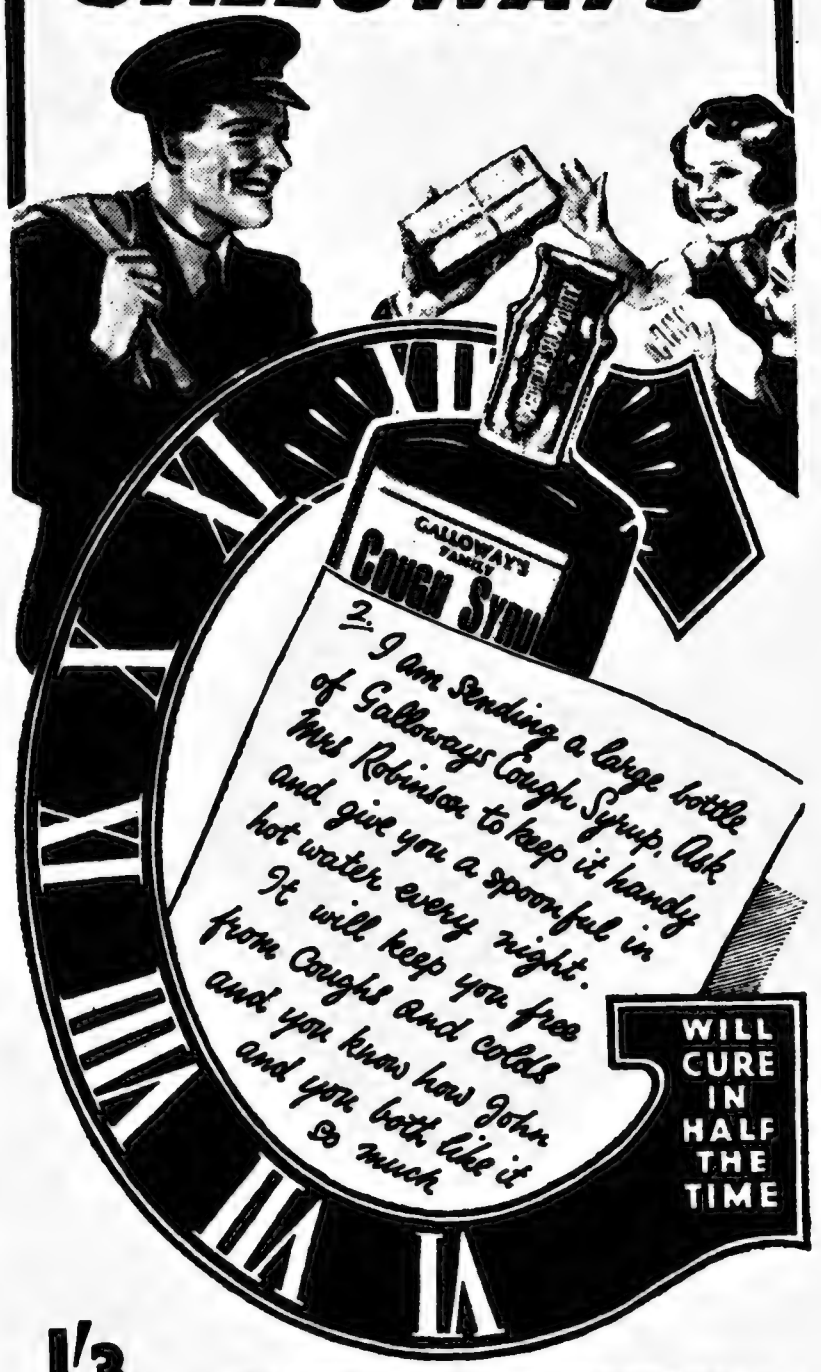
All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked—In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED, Proprietors of "John Bull."

CHILDREN AWAY FROM HOME

— Make sure they get their GALLOWAY'S


GALLOWAY'S FAMILY COUGH SYRUP
2. I am sending a large bottle of Galloways Cough Syrup. Ask Mrs Robinson to keep it handy and give you a spoonful in hot water every night. It will keep you free from Coughs and Colds and you knows how John and you both like it so much
WILL CURE IN HALF THE TIME

1/3 & 2/6 PER BOTTLE

From Chemists and Stores Everywhere.

THIS war time winter, with its shortage of essential protective foods, is a greater-than-ever threat to growing bodies. Thank goodness Galloway's Cough Syrup is not rationed. It's the finest safeguard against coughs, colds, 'flu, bronchitis and all other winter ills. Its warm glow touches the vital spot at once—soothing, relieving, curing! Whether your children are at home or away, make sure that "The Family's Lifeguard" is available to them. Send them a big bottle to-day and keep one handy for the old folks at home. Equally effective and safe for young and old.

GALLOWAY'S COUGH SYRUP

P. H. GALLOWAY LTD., *Qualified Chemists*, LONDON, S.E.17.

ONE WEEK ONLY now left to enter for BIG PENSION plus CASH X-WORD!

£2
WEEKLY for LIFE
and
"JOHN BULL'S" FINE 2-in-1 FIRST PRIZE or £350 LUMP SUM
UNLIMITED £5 CASH BONUSES
One to each winner of any prize in X-word No. 181 who secures a prize in this X-word No. 182—IF YOU ENTERED LAST CONTEST YOU CANNOT AFFORD TO MISS THIS £5 NEW YEAR OPPORTUNITY
UP TO 100 NEW YEAR HAMPERS
For 1st Runners-up—if more than 100, sum of £100 will be shared instead.
cash

A Lump Sum of £100 and a Cheque for £1 every week of your life—that is the splendid new 2-in-1 First Prize which can be yours for a pleasant half-hour with the Clues below. Be sure you post your entries in time or you will miss this unique opportunity of extending the "festive season" for a lifetime.

TERMS AND CONDITIONS

Presented on this page is the 182nd of JOHN BULL'S entertaining Crossword Puzzles; you are invited to exercise your skill and knowledge by completing it with the guidance of the Clues provided.

Aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to the Clues form the standard of excellence by which entries will be judged, and all decisions will be based on the Answers of Competitors. This judging will be carried out under the supervision of an expert Adjudication Committee.

Each entry received will be carefully considered and the First Prize-winner will be the competitor who on one Square has completed the Puzzle and has given what, in the opinion of the Adjudication Committee, is the best set of Answers to the Clues provided. And this set of Answers will constitute the winning Puzzle Square.

If at any points in the Puzzle where a choice of words exists it is decided that no one word submitted can be preferred on the test of aptness and accuracy, then competitors there using words of equal merit as Answers will be regarded as having tied at these points, which will be duly indicated when result and winning Puzzle Square appear in JOHN BULL, published Thursday, January 11. The second prize will be awarded to the competitor whose entry is next in order of merit. In the event of a tie or ties, the appropriate cash prize will be equally divided; not more than one prize allowed to any one entrant.

Acceptance of the findings of the Adjudication Committee in regard to the most meritorious entries and of the Editor of JOHN BULL in all other matters is a condition on which entries are accepted and is legally binding on all entrants for this Crossword Competition.

READ THESE RULES

1.—Complete puzzle in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil. Entry-fee is at the rate of 3d. for each square submitted. Stamps must be affixed or Postal Order enclosed as entry-fee, as directed on Entry Form. If P.O. used, make payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross / & Co. /; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O. and fill in the number on Entry Form. Entry Form to be sent by post as directed (not delivered by hand) and bear POST-MARK of not later than Saturday, December 30, 1939.

2.—Each entrant may submit any number of squares up to total entry-fee of 4/-.

No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered, or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Should any single letter square be left blank, contain a letter which is not clear, or altered, or not given in ink, the corresponding property indicated letter on Entry-square alongside will be regarded as entrant's intended letter for both Entry-squares. If entrant's answer cannot be so decided or such flaws occur in more than one letter square, Entry-square concerned will be disqualified, as will any mutilated coupon.

4.—Winner and winning Puzzle Square will appear in JOHN BULL on sale Thursday, January 11. Entries are accepted only on condition that the published result of our double adjudication establishing the Winner and Runners-up is regarded as final. Merit is established according to the total number of Answers to Clues, both Across and Down, which agree with the winning Puzzle Square.

5.—Should the First Prize be shared, £350 cash will be paid instead of the Pension Award.

6.—Failure to comply with any of the Rules and Conditions involves disqualification.

7.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

WIN £200 and EXTRA SLEEP every MORNING!

Each sender of Crossword Entry value 1s. or over may enclose one 6d. *Bullets* coupon ABSOLUTELY FREE for Novel Offer of £200 plus Extra Sleep every morning, provided it bears the same name and address as Crossword entry. Coupons on page 35.

ACROSS CLUES

1. It may be really annoying when noisy neighbour is making himself one
3. It can well be awkward in emergency if yours is tied up
5. End of bout
8. May be stuck in accidentally and cause roars of laughter
9. Soldiers must watch their step when they're out on this
10. Frequently seen in Canadian and American woods
13. Prepare paper for publication
17. Busy housewife often leaves tea to do this
18. Good one shouldn't be left lying about in nursery
19. Cheerful one in some cases makes things easier for hospital patient

DOWN CLUES

1. It's sometimes easy enough for a man to run through one
2. People keen on playing usually try to get out of this
3. Machine is used for winding this
4. Principal boy in pantomime is one
6. One made of silver may be worth quite a bit
7. No one minds shedding these of joy
9. Navigation may depend on
11. Many people prefer to do this when drinking their glass of beer
12. Very long one will not be suitable for smoker
13. She had a leafy wardrobe
14. Many will be kept up, if big one goes on all night
15. Bad one may lose you game at tennis
16. Designed for strength without too much weight

CUT ROUND THESE BROKEN LINES

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 182. Closing Postmark SATURDAY, DECEMBER 30.

YOUR FREE PRIVILEGE *If these squares and those published in last week's "John Bull" are entered together, entry-fee of only 1s. 6d. need be enclosed, thus allowing* **TWO SQUARES FREE.** *Normal entry-fee payable if this Entry Form is not so accompanied.*

I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and Conditions. Affixed are 1½d. stamps at the rate of 3d. entry-fee for each square submitted. (P.O. may be used if preferred—in such case write its number and value below.)

P.O. Value..... No.....

ADD NAME & ADDRESS TO BOTH COUPON AND LABEL

Name .....

Address .....

.....

"GAZETTE" LABEL

NAME IN BLOCK LETTERS.

.....

FULL POSTAL ADDRESS.

.....

.....

.....

14 .....

FOR 1 SQUARE firmly stick TWO 1½d. stamps here	**FOR 2 SQUARES** firmly stick FOUR 1½d. stamps
FOR 3 SQUARES firmly stick SIX 1½d. stamps	**FOR 4 SQUARES** firmly stick EIGHT 1½d. stamps (Allowing enclosure of 6d. "Bullets" Coupon FREE.)

PENSION WON OUTRIGHT —and ANOTHER NOW OFFERED!

Result of Crossword No. 180.

In connection with "John Bull" Crossword No. 180, the Adjudication Committee decided that the entrant who indicated the most meritorious Set of Answers for one Square (see on right) was the following competitor:—

M. M. TILBURY,

Oakleigh, Sarratt, Herts.

This competitor will receive 25s. Weekly for Life or a lump sum of £300 cash.

The Award of £200 in Cash and Christmas Awards to Runners-up has been divided between 53 competitors from whom we received entries inferior in merit by reason of only one less apt and accurate Answer compared with the best entry received. These winners will each receive Cash and Hamper to the combined value of £3 15s. 6d. A list of these Runners-up can be seen at the "John Bull" offices, and all have been notified.

A useful Surprise Award will be posted this week to each of 374 entrants from whom we received an entry differing from entries of Runners-up by only one less meritorious Answer.

WINNING WORDS.

ACROSS.—1. CAMP. 3. PIER. 4. INK. 5. RUER. 6. SALT. 10. COX. 11. FROST. 15. TELL. 18. GLEE. 19. ELY.
DOWN.—1. CURE. 2. PIPE. 3. ENTER. 7. LOFT. 8. ROOM. 9. JOB or MOB. 10. CRAZE. 12. HAIR. 13. HILL. 14. KILN. 15. TIE. 16. LET. 17. BOY.

WINNING SQUARE

The Adjudication Committee decided that the most apt and accurate Answers used by competitors were those seen in the square above.

One space is left blank to indicate that at this point JOB and MOB were regarded as apt Answers of equal merit.

X-WORD AID POST-FREE

BY filling in your name and address both in coupon space AND on Label incorporated with coupon you will secure, as soon as available, a FREE and POST-FREE copy of the new war time "CROSSWORD GAZETTE." It will contain Adjudication Committee's Findings on Puzzle No. 182, as well as extra squares with FREE PRIVILEGE and "Time-Save" Entry Sheet for another fine Pension Offer.

ADDRESS ENTRY: Crossword No. 182, "John Bull," 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.).

LOOK OUT for the JANUARY GIANTS!

Pools Notes

by "POOLEX"

THE home and away form of all the teams engaged in English and Scottish regional football competitions can be graded in these classes:

D – Dependable team.
E – Erratic team.
B – Playing better than expected.
W – Playing worse than expected.

This analysis is made by comparing recent results with the predictions of newspaper experts.

The Guide shows the teams that you can depend on to produce results generally expected of them.

They will, also, help "pool" punters to avoid "surprises."

Follow the form forecasts for the dependable teams. Avoid erratic teams.

Form and Reliability Guide

South A	M	A	South B	M	A
Arsenal	D	W	Aldershot ..	B	B
Charlton ..	W	E	Bournem'uth	B	E
Clapton O. ..	B	B	Brentford ..	B	W
Crystal P. ..	E	E	Brighton ..	W	D
Millwall	E	W	Chelsea	D	E
Norwich	B	B	Fulham ..	D	W
Southend ..	E	D	Portsmouth .	D	B
Tottenham .	W	W	Queen's P.R.	B	D
West Ham ..	B	E	Reading ..	D	E
Watford ..	B	D	S'thampton .	E	D

Western			North-Western		
Chester	D	B	Accrington .	E	D
Crewe	B	D	Barrow	E	D
Everton	D	E	Blackburn .	D	W
Liverpool ..	W	E	Blackpool ..	B	D
Manch'tr C..	W	D	Bolton	D	W
Manch'tr U..	D	D	Burnley ..	D	D
N. Brighton .	D	D	Bury	D	B
Port Vale ..	D	D	Carlisle	D	E
Stockport ..	D	B	Oldham	D	E
Stoke	D	E	Preston	D	E
Tranmere ..	D	D	Rochdale ..	D	D
Wrexham ..	E	D	Southport ..	D	D

South-Western			Midland		
Bristol C. ..	E	D	Birmingham	E	E
Bristol R. ..	W	B	Coventry ..	D	W
Cardiff	W	B	Leicester ..	D	W
Newport	D	B	Luton	E	W
Plymouth ..	D	E	Northampton	B	D
Swansea ..	W	E	Walsall	D	D
Swindon ..	D	B	W. Bromwich	D	B
Torquay ..	E	D	Wolves	D	W

East Midland			North-Eastern		
Barnsley ..	D	B	Bradford ..	B	E
Chesterfield .	D	B	Bradford C. .	D	B
Doncaster ..	W	D	Darlington .	E	E
Grimsby	D	E	Halifax	W	D
Lincoln	B	W	Hartlepools .	D	E
Mansfield ..	D	D	Huddersfield	W	B
Notts C. ..	W	D	Hull	E	D
Notts F.	W	D	Leeds	D	W
Rotherham .	B	D	Middlesbro'	D	W
Sheffield U. .	D	B	Newcastle ..	D	B
Sheffield W. .	W	D	York	B	D

Scottish West			Scottish East		
Airdrie	E	B	Aberdeen ..	W	E
Albion R. ..	D	B	Alloa	D	B
Ayr	B	D	Arbroath ..	W	D
Celtic	W	W	Cowdenb'th .	D	B
Clyde	W	W	Dundee	W	E
Dumbarton .	E	D	Dundee U. ..	E	D
Hamilton ..	D	E	Dunfermline	B	E
Kilmarnock .	D	D	East Fife ..	D	D
Morton	B	D	Falkirk	D	E
Motherwell .	D	E	Hearts	D	E
Partick	E	D	Hibernian ..	W	B
Queen's P. ..	E	D	King's P. ..	E	D
Queen of S. .	D	B	Raith R. ..	D	D
Rangers	D	D	St. Bernards	D	B
St. Mirren ..	E	D	St. Johnst'ne	W	E
Third Lanark	W	D	Stenh'semuir	E	D

SMALL ADS. WORTH WATCHING

RATE 10s. per line. A line averages six words. Minimum Charge 30s.

Advertisements with remittance must be received not later than noon on Wednesday, 8 days before publication.

Address: The Advertisement Manager, "John Bull," 57-59, Long Acre, London, W.C.2

SMALL TRADERS, ETC.

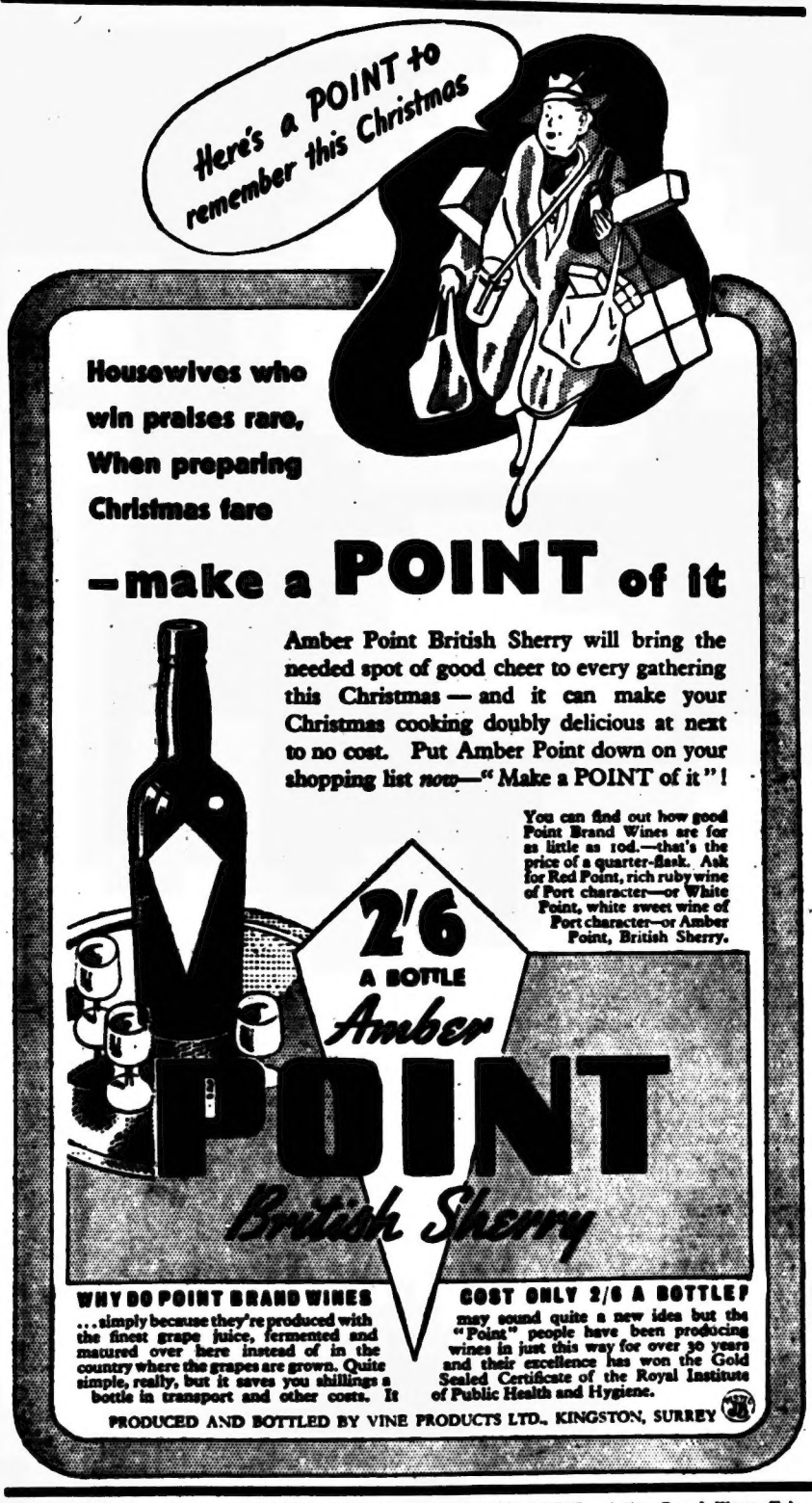
BE YOUR OWN MASTER. Sell Drapery Bargains at a fair profit. Silk Stockings, Men's Socks and Children's Wear. 1,000 Bargains. A.B.C. Guide Free.—Cochrane's Warehouse, 1, Thomas Street, Manchester.

CROCKERY.—120 asstd. articles 10/-. 48 cups, scrs., 4/-. Glass & Hardware. Dinner Set Free. Cat. & Guide Free.—Bridge St. Pottery,9,Burslem.

WALLPAPER direct from works. 250 patterns post free. Delivery as usual. — OSBORNE MILLS, Dept. 5, Rochdale Road, Manchester.

MEDICAL, CURATIVE.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine remedy, proved by testimonials.—Write, The Stanley Institute, Ltd. (J.B.), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.


Here's a POINT to remember this Christmas
Housewives who win praises rare, When preparing Christmas fare
-make a POINT of it
Amber Point British Sherry will bring the needed spot of good cheer to every gathering this Christmas — and it can make your Christmas cooking doubly delicious at next to no cost. Put Amber Point down on your shopping list now—"Make a POINT of it"!
You can find out how good Point Brand Wines are for as little as 10d.—that's the price of a quarter-flask. Ask for Red Point, rich ruby wine of Port character—or White Point, white sweet wine of Port character—or Amber Point, British Sherry.
2/6 A BOTTLE
Amber POINT British Sherry
WHY DO POINT BRAND WINES ... simply because they're produced with the finest grape juice, fermented and matured over here instead of in the country where the grapes are grown. Quite simple, really, but it saves you shillings a bottle in transport and other costs. It
COST ONLY 2/6 A BOTTLE? may sound quite a new idea but the "Point" people have been producing wines in just this way for over 30 years and their excellence has won the Gold Sealed Certificate of the Royal Institute of Public Health and Hygiene.
PRODUCED AND BOTTLED BY VINE PRODUCTS LTD., KINGSTON, SURREY

TO get best results use **SONGSTER GRAMOPHONE NEEDLES.** Finest quality. Excellent reproduction. Minimum wear on records. 200 6d. Bronze pick-ups for Radios. 6d. 100.

SELL direct from our Free Catalogues of Household, Fashion and Fancy Goods. Shopkeepers, Traders and Beginners should write to Dept. J. B., The Houndsditch Warehouse Co., Ltd., Houndsditch, London, E.C.3.

BARGAIN SALES.

LET MUSIC BRIGHTEN THE BLACKOUT. PAOLO SOPRANI PIANO-ACCORDION OUTFIT, 120 x 41, COUPLER. NEW, MARVELLOUS TONE. FULLY GUARANTEED. £27 10s. SPECIAL TERMS ARRANGED. CATALOGUES FREE.—HESSY'S, LTD., 18/20, MANCHESTER STREET, LIVERPOOL.

WALLPAPER DIRECT. SEND for patterns post free from WEST RIDING WALLPAPER CO., 82, TRINITY ST., LEEDS.

A1 NOVELTIES for Dances, Hats, Balloons, Novelty Musical Instruments, Masks.—List J.B. 1000 free.—Dudley's, 451, Holloway Road, N.7.

WORMS CURED.—Artico Brand Worm Tablets are a specialist's positive cure for removing the causes. No fasting, dieting or interference with daily habits. Send 1/6 for Generous supply or 1½d. stamp for details.—Ridyard Tablet Co., 34-38, Codnor, Derby.

CATARRH Sufferers. If you would like a trial bottle of Vick-Vatronol—the new brand nasal drops which end Catarrh misery—write, mentioning *John Bull*, to "Vick," 211, Blackfriars Road, London, S.E.1, sending 2d. stamp. Offer appears on page 24.

THOUSANTS of women have maintained their health and strength by wearing a SPENCER Maternity Belt.—Write, mentioning *John Bull*, to Spencer Corsets, Ltd., 44, Britannia Road, Banbury, Oxon, for name of nearest local Corsetiere. See page 29.

DON'T WEAR A TRUSS! Use Brooks' Rupture Appliance. New Discovery. Wonderful! No lumpy pads, no springs. Durable, cheap. Binds and draws parts together quickly. Sent on trial. Catalogue free.—Address, Brooks Appliance Co., Ltd. (940D), 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

GET THIS FREE BOOKLET! If you're run-down, feeling tired, lack pep and attractiveness, karn how iron, in an assimilable form, will restore you to health and bloom.—Write, mentioning *John Bull*, to The Iron Jelloid Co., Ltd. (Dept. J.91), Watford, Herts, for an informative Free Book, "Iron Starvation: The Thief of Health and Strength." Write for this to-day!

ZEE-KOL Almond Oil Toilet Soap creates beauty and preserves beauty. Containing Almond Oil, it is costly. ZeeKol Almond Oil Soap is a marvellous tonic to the skin. Now only 6d. a large tablet, and well worth it.

FREE to mothers. Valuable book, "BABY"—a wise, complete and simple guide to happy motherhood and healthy babyhood. Also Nestlé's Supplementary Feeding Charts. Write, mentioning *John Bull*, to Nestlé's Milk Products, Ltd. (I.P.317), 6a, Eastcheap, London, E.C.3.

A.R.P. Workers. Always have a tin of ZeeKol Ointment handy. When one is on the march, rub in ZeeKol between the toes and all round the feet. They will keep in perfect condition, and your feet will not get tired. ZeeKol works wonders with Skin troubles and heals Ulcers, Chilblains, Severe Burns, etc. Zee-Kol Ointment costs only 6d., 1/3 and 3/- everywhere.

EVERY girl who is doing National Service and is continually exposed in the open should protect her skin. Try Doge Cream, the marvellous complexion restorer. It keeps the skin supple, firm and youthful. Takes away wrinkles and leaves the skin as smooth as a child's. In tubes, 6d. and 9d., and in pots, 1/ and 2/-.

FREE.—Send for a De Luxe Beauty Outfit of Powders and Skinfoods for both day and night use. Every woman reader can obtain one of these beauty outfits, which contains a special box of Poudre Tokalon and six samples of other shades, also Tokalon Skinfood Creams. Address: Tokalon, Ltd. (Dept. 422W), Chase Road, London, N.W.10. Enclose 3d. in stamps to cover cost of postage, packing, etc.

IT is difficult to escape all contact with infection, so be on the safe side. Gargle regularly with "Dettolin." It protects the throat and mouth, where infection so often begins. "Dettolin" is a powerful germ-killer containing the active fermicidal principle of "Dettol" antiseptic. It is blended specifically to suit the delicate tissues of the throat. Children enjoy using it; it is so pleasant and refreshing. Obtainable from chemists, 9d. and 1/3.

FREE Authoritative booklet. Every home ought to have a copy, because it contains measures which will guard against infectious diseases such as Diphtheria, Scarlet Fever, Measles, Whooping Cough, Influenza, etc. You should take all measures to save health and life in your family, and the finest information on the prevention, recognition and restriction of all infectious diseases are contained in the special booklet, which can only be obtained from the makers of Sanitas. So write, mentioning *John Bull*, now, while you think of it, to The Sanitas Co., Ltd., Book Dept. J.B., 51, Clapham Road, S.W.9.

MISCELLANEOUS.

SKILL PUNCHBOARDS. Pre-War prices. 56.9 profit on 5/3 board at 2d. per punch. Smpl. 300-hole board 3/9, and illus. cat., BURDON HUNTER, 26, Woodville Road, London, E.11.

A NEW style Recipe Book free. Simply write, mentioning *John Bull*, to Batchelor's Peas, Ltd., Sheffield, and a copy of their famous recipe book will be sent by return. See page 21.

STORK Margarine is back again! Use it for all your cooking. It gives airy lightness to puddings, crispness to pastry and delicious flavour to everything. Two special recipes—one for Mince Pies, the other for Christmas trifle—are given in the announcement on page 31.

FREE! Get your boy to write or write yourself on his behalf for the free catalogue of Meccano products describing how bridges, towers and cranes can be built with Meccano products. A copy can be obtained post free.—Write, mentioning *John Bull*, to Dept. 37, Meccano, Ltd., Binns Road, Liverpool, 13.

ALL the flavour and bouquet of freshly roasted and ground coffee make Distil vastly different from ordinary bottled coffee. It is sold by all grocers. The cost is most economical.

RUPTURED! Doctors, clergymen, gardeners—everyone is praising the Improved Pilant Ball and Socket Truss. Extremely light, yet immensely strong; no understraps, and no pressure on hips. So safe and comfortable that wearers can forget that they are ruptured.—Write or call, Blunden's, Dept. 129G., 9, Oxford St., W.1.

THE Navy's favourite Cigarette. Sailors have a reputation for being good judges. Their favourite cigarette in the Navy is Ardath Straight Cut, and now smokers everywhere at home can buy this excellent cigarette at the round price of 10 for 6d. It represents to-day's outstanding cigarette value. No wonder everyone is "Joining the Navy" in smoking Straight Cut.

BIG new Xmas folder free. Write at once, mentioning *John Bull*, to Curry's, Ltd., Head Office, Gt. West Road, Brentford, Middlesex, for selection of some of the finest Radio Sets at amazing cash-price bargains. The easiest of easy terms can be arranged if required. Particulars of Portable Sets, Radiograms, free home demonstrations, etc., are contained in this big new folder. Send for a copy now.

"POINT" British Sherry saves you shillings a bottle, because it is British Sherry produced with the finest grape juice, fermented and matured over here instead of the country where the grapes are grown. You can find out how good this is for as little as 10d.—the price of a quarter-flask. See display advert. on this page.

FREE.—Particulars of the leading British Fretwork Outfits are contained in a leaflet published by HOBBIES. Write to Hobbies, Ltd. (Dept. 45), Dereham, Norfolk, for free copy. Boys will appreciate Hobbies Fretwork Outfits—a complete set of tools to keep them happy making practical things in wood.

FREE catalogue of Ciro famous rings, pearls and jewellery. Ciro creations challenge the closest comparison with fine, real jewellery, however costly. These beautiful articles are inexpensive—from a guinea upwards (and on easy terms, if desired)—and if you can detect any difference from more costly rings or jewellery your money will be refunded! Write at once, mentioning *John Bull*, to Ciro, 48, Old Bond Street, London, W.1, for free catalogue of exclusive Ciro rings, ear-rings, brooches, watches, regimental badges and other Ciro gems. Do so at once—Christmas is not so far away. You can make your choice now, from the catalogue!

IF you have never tried Shavex, do so at once. It is the no-soap, no-brush method of shaving. Popular with the British forces, you will find that you can shave in a quarter of the time it takes with soap and brush, and your skin will feel as fresh as a daisy. Smear Shavex over the face when you have shaved and your skin will keep young, fresh and free from blemishes. Shavex is used all over the world. Beware of imitations—there is nothing like Shavex at 6d., 1/- and 1/6 tubes and 1/6 pots

RHEUMATISM

Half bed-ridden—now feels 20!

A paragraph in a newspaper transformed the life of Mrs. Dowell and probably saved her from a life of pain and misery in an invalid's chair.

A Birmingham lady, she was stricken with Rheumatism. Thereafter life was a perpetual fight—a losing fight—against the dread menace of disablement.

"Eight months ago," she writes, "I had Rheumatism so badly I was nearly bed-ridden. My feet, too, were terribly swollen. I was under my doctor for months and tried everything I was told of. But all to no avail.

"Then I happened to read an announcement about Fynnon Salt and sent out for a tin, and, believe me, I have never since been without it. I am a different woman, I have never had a return of the Rheumatism and my swollen feet are normal. I was 40 yesterday, but in health feel 20. Of course, I take Fynnon regularly, never missing a morning."

The grand thing about Fynnon Salt is that it's a *natural* remedy—a blend of Sodium, Potassium and Lithium, those rare "Salts of the Earth" found in famous Spa Waters. While dissolving the fierce acid crystals that torture and stiffen, Fynnon stimulates liver and kidneys and cleanses the whole system of toxins and poisons. That's why Rheumatism goes and boundless health comes. Take a teaspoonful of Fynnon Salt in a tumblerful of water every morning and get all the best out of life.

Large tins (a month's supply), 1/9.

FOR RASPING VOICE
GO SUCK A **ZUBE**
3d and 6d in flat tins

Take
Elasto
The Wonder Tablet
for all
SKIN TROUBLES

THE *New* Elasto Blood Treatment is bringing quick relief to thousands of sufferers from Eczema, Psoriasis, Dermatitis, Bad Legs, Varicose Veins, and other diseases of the skin and circulatory system.

Send for Free Sample!

Elasto blood treatment is fully explained in a special booklet which we will gladly send, privately, post free, together with Free Sample and copies of recent testimonials. Write for these to-day. Now! While you think of it. *This offer is too good to be missed!*

THE NEW ERA TREATMENT COMPANY, Ltd. (Dept. 25A), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

STOP THAT COLD

YADIL will stop a cold before it develops. An internal antiseptic, which is taken like ordinary medicine, it brings you quick relief from high temperatures and cleans the bloodstream. In cases of Colds, Coughs and Lung complaints YADIL has been remarkably successful—you, too, can benefit; take YADIL to-day.

YADIL 1/3 and larger, from Chemists or direct (post free) from
Safe Internal Antiseptic
YADIL (1935) LTD., Dept. J.B., Springfield, London, E.3

£100 CASH For NOTHING!

Here's a profitable Xmas Pastime!

5 cheques of £20 each must be won in the simple

"FITTING PHRASES" COMPETITION

on pages 21, 23, 25, 27 & 29.

All prizes must be won!

There's NO Entrance Fee—2 Free Entry Coupons appear on each of the five pages.

Send in your entries NOW!

Turn to PAGES 21, 23, 25, 27 and 29.

Side-Slips

THE HALIFAX COURIER AND GUARDIAN:—"The following decisions were made in regard to lights INVISIBLE during hours of the black-out."

OXFORD MAIL:—"After eating one CAGE the customer may order another, but he is not allowed to have two on his plate at once."

LEEDS MERCURY:—"It is very likely that when the present recruits had been absorbed, deferred REFRUITING for all the units will be opened again."

SOUTHERN WEEKLY NEWS:—". . . the presence of a powerful COUNTERSHIRT of the local division of the St. John's Ambulance Brigade was omitted."

The Last Laugh

SCIENTIST (Cambridge).—"If a match were struck on the moon it would immediately go out." Then it's wiser to strike it on a match-box.

D. C. (Warminster).—"I have used the same gramophone for 30 years. Is this a record?" No, a gramophone.

Mrs. F. (Leyton).—"What do you think the greengrocer did when I told him he had given my son a pound of apples short?" Asked you to weigh him?

W. V. (Troon).—"My wife says that war will break out in real earnest next April." Is that when she usually starts spring-cleaning?

Gus (London, W.).—"There was a period in my life when I was nearly dying of exposure." What were you then—tramp, politician or financier?

Miss S. (Mayfair).—"I was very annoyed with a photographer at a society wedding last week. I told him not to take my photograph." And he didn't?

F. A. (Braunton).—"My little girl asked me what is the shortest fairy story, and for the life of me I couldn't tell her." We can—that one which begins with "Look here, I said to the boss."

W. M. (Norwich).—"While the ex-Kaiser was walking in his park at Doorn three large trees uprooted by a storm crashed twenty yards from him." In fairness to him it should be pointed out that he has not blamed Mr. Churchill.

BILL (Blackpool).—"I always do my hardest work before breakfast." What's that—getting up?

B. K. (Edinburgh).—"I have decided to make no New Year resolutions." Isn't that one?

F. V. (Horsham).—"I enjoyed carol-singing this year." We understand. Poor visibility, owing to the black-out.

J. K. (Kelso).—"Income tax will never be popular." Yet there always seems to be a demand for it.

P. G. (Finchley).—"Our defences against aerial attack cost more and more every day." Even the balloon barrage keeps going up.

MARY (Ilford).—"One of our greatest military experts is a business colleague of mine." He signs the letters you type?

T. K. (Ely).—"As soon as the frosty weather comes I wrap all my pipes in thick flannel and straw." And smoke cigarettes instead?

N. H. (Thorne).—"When I came into the room my wife and her mother immediately stopped talking." Another secret session.

A. R. (Kintbury).—"What do people mean when they refer to the agony column in a newspaper?" The racing results, very often.

I. L. (Stockwell).—"When I called at your office, I noticed that your clothes were a credit to your tailor." Debit, old man, debit.

C. G. (Paris).—"I don't envy the censor having to read all those letters, do you?" Not a bit, if yours is a fair sample of them.

Mrs. B. (Brixton).—"Although he says he's a teetotaller, my lodger goes out to a public-house nearly every night. I wonder what's his game?" Darts, very likely.

D. B. (Burnt Oak).—"He married his cook and now she won't cook for him!" Still, he did succeed in persuading her to stay!!

RECRUIT (Cornwall).—"Some of the older soldiers have been teaching me to play crown and anchor." Never mind. Pay day will soon be round again.

MUSICIAN (Uxbridge).—"If the choice were offered you, what musical instrument would you send to the troops in France?" Our neighbour's saxophone.

H. B. (London, N.).—"I went along the street and bought a couple of batteries for my torch." Why worry us with your pre-war experiences?

E. B. (Barnes).—"Hitler's name is not to be mentioned in London and provincial pantomimes." This may shake the Fuehrer's faith in Dr. Goebbels as a publicity agent.

Can You Answer These?

THE hanging of mistletoe and holly is an ancient Christmas custom. Give another which also reminds one of a plant.

* * *

Can you think of a man who is elevated to "Sir" by the sword of winter?

* * *

The conscientious objector may satisfy the Tribunal—but another, which stands in Whitehall, may ask him still more searching questions. What is this other "Tribunal"?

* * *

Nazi airplanes are not the only "raiders" who are hindered by the darkened street lamps and shop-windows. Who are the others?

* * *

Algy joined the Militia and off he went to camp. What did the sentry find outside his tent that night?

* * *

ANSWERS...

Amongst the winning *Bullets* on page 35 you will find the answers to all these teasers. Look them up, one by one—and as you do so, you will realise how easily *you* could make up a prize *Bullet* this week.

Photographer: "Just a trifle to the left, please, madam—as it's your husband who's the winner, I'd just like a little of him in the background"

The Kid By LEES

MISS F. W. (Wilts).—"The soldiers told me that they had never heard my song before." And didn't want to hear it again?

T. B. (Epping).—"I heard our maid playing jazz on the piano the other day." Are you sure she wasn't just dusting it?

BERT (Cheam).—"I wonder why girls shut their eyes when I kiss them under the mistletoe?" As you do not enclose your photograph, we can only guess.

R. M. (Colne).—"I am sure my pet terrier knows nearly as much as I do." And yet some dogs are really quite intelligent animals.

T. M. (Truro).—"What effect would a heavy fall of snow have on the thousands of dug-outs in this country?" A white one.

T. L. (Grendon).—"Some of the best Christmas turkeys used to come from Germany." Well, one could hardly blame them.

FLOSSIE (Portsmouth).—"The fellow I refer to looks rather like an owl, but I can guess his object in coming to see me." To wit—to woo.

R. G. (Brighton).—"My wife would not believe me when I told her the cake she cooked was terrible." She probably preferred to believe the cookery book, which said it was delicious.

E. R. (Chepstow).—"I told her I did not like to see her stirring her tea in a tea-shop with her left hand, but she had a good excuse." She hadn't been served with a teaspoon?

LIEUTENANT (Salisbury).—"Our oldest soldier is a Sussex man—born at Hastings, I think." He wasn't in the 1066 affair, was he?

W. D. (Walton).—"I invited my neighbour to complete the party for our annual fishing week-end, but the blighter's behaviour completely spoiled the affair." He insisted on fishing?

W. V. N. (Epsom).—"Hitler is said to be against women using cosmetics." He sets an example by not making up his mind.

P. J. (Reading).—"I am earning only £2 a week, so how can I run to a turkey?" Spot where the bird is standing and then break into a brisk trot towards it.

By LEES

...ita).—"The soldiers told
...I never heard my song
...'t want to hear it again?
...—"I heard our maid
...e piano the other day."
...wasn't just dusting it?
...—"I wonder why girls
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...bird is standing and then
...sk trot towards it.

ONE WEEK LEFT TO ENTER FOR 'BULLETS' NOVEL CASH plus BONUS OFFER!

£200 CASH plus EXTRA SLEEP EVERY MORNING

Morning Tea as if by Magic!

"It's uncanny—but what a comfort! Overnight you set the Alarm of the "Tecal" Electric Clock. Morning comes—the alarm rings, the clock is suddenly floodlit and there, beside your bed, is a pot of boiling hot tea! Apart from thus allowing you extra sleep each morning, the "Tecal" will make tea automatically at any hour of the day or night—a boon for busy housewives, lonely husbands, bachelors, A.R.P. workers.. for everybody!

£20 Plus EXTRA SLEEP DAILY — 2-IN-1 2ND. PRIZE

£10 Plus EXTRA SLEEP DAILY — 2-IN-1 3RD. PRIZE

3 PRIZES OF £5

200 4/- ELECTRIC TORCHES — SUITABLE FOR WALKING OR CYCLING

10 PRIZES OF £2·10

2000 OTHER PRIZES

BE QUICK FOR YOUR 2-in-1 PRIZE

ONLY a few days now remain for you to enter this final *Bullets* Offer of 1939—and the leisure of your Christmas Holiday enables you to take full advantage of this fine opportunity.

One of the *Bullets* you enter on a coupon below may well bring you a Friday Joy Wire early in the New Year, bearing JOHN BULL's congratulations on winning £200 cash. And that fine sum with which to begin 1940 is accompanied by an ingenious electrical device, fully described above, which will allow you extra sleep every morning throughout the New Year!

This almost magical Bonus Award is also added to the Second and Third Prize cheques—and a big batch of high-efficiency Electric Torches is included amongst the thousands of other prizes.

To make a *Bullet*, simply add Two, Three or Four words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* given.

For instance, a clergyman "Bulleteer" took a recent *Example*, JUST AS IN 1914, quickly added the words, BUT WITH "GREATER EXPEDITION"—and secured a substantial cheque in good time for Christmas needs.

Let the styles of the chief winners in our 1,198th Contest, published on this page, be your guide on the road to success. But see that you start on your way at once, for your entry must be posted on or before Saturday, December 30.

ENTER on these NEW STAMP or P.O. COUPONS

'BULLETS' 1,198 RESULT

First Prize, £200 plus Hamper, Turkey and Cake:

A. H. THOMAS, 9, Tadworth Road, Cricklewood, London, N.W.
Example: THANKS TO THE R.A.F.
Bullet: *Britannia's* "UMBRELLA," NO JOKE!

SECOND PRIZE, £20 plus Hamper:
H. PERKS, 200, Lovely Lane, Warrington, Lanes.
Example: Present For Hitler
Bullet: Russian Steel? Probably "Handcuffs"!

THIRD PRIZE, £10 plus Turkey:
Mrs. M. CARTER, 50, Freddington Road, Southsea, Hants.
Example: Christmas Shoppers
Bullet: *Other* "Raiders" Black-out Binders.

OTHER PRIZES:

£5 plus Turkey:
Mrs. E. E. ELLIS, 9, Nelson Road, Bournemouth.
What The Skipper Said—Unprintable—But "History Written."

£4 plus Turkey:
C. JONES, 15, Parry Road, South Norwood, London, S.E.
Winter's Sword—Elevates Plumber To "Sir"!

£3 plus Turkey:
E. NATTRESS, 11, Bethany Gardens, Annfield Plain, Co. Durham.
Christmas Customs—Holly, Mistletoe—And "Palm"!

10 PRIZES OF £2 10s. each plus Fowl and Cake:

B. C. ANDERSON, 6, Gurney Road, Northolt, Middlesex.
Before The Tribunal—*Again*—Conchie Passing Cenotaph!

D. BENNETT, 40, Relugas Road, Edinburgh.
Auntie Heard Guns, So—Danger, "Splinters" From Banister!

H. DAVIES, 69, Goldstone Villas, Hove, Sussex.
Shining Light—*Otherwise* Church "Betraying Itself."

P. E. HAYWARD, 62, Scotland Road, Cambridge.
Be A Good Citizen And—Heed "Appeals On Hoarding"!

Miss E. HOLT, 17, Lytton Avenue, Letchworth, Herts.
Britain's At War, But—"Sinews" Shouldn't "Throttle" Everything.

H. LLOYD, Blaenbedw, Glascwm, Builth Wells S.O., Breconshire.
Pair Of Army—Boots. Outside Tent—Algy's!

G. S. M. MORGAN, 53, Vaughan Gardens, Ilford, Essex.
Wedded To Perseverance—Skill Will "Scale Wall."

J. V. MORRIS, 17, Fairbairn Avenue, Worcester.
Seems Ironic—"Fatherland" Becoming Bolshevism's "Child."

C. PEACE, 40, Aylewood Road, Sheffield.
Down Came The Axe And—Made Our Romance "Matchwood."

G. A. WILSON, 89, Holehouse Drive, Knightswood, Glasgow.
Wedded To Nazidom—Frits, Over Terror's "Anvil."

List of winners of 25 Hampers, 30 Turkeys, 50 Fowls and 50 Xmas Cakes can be seen at these offices.

BLOCK LETTERS PLEASE

NAME.....

Full Postal ADDRESS.....

.....

.....

ADDRESS LABEL ABOVE TO YOURSELF—AND SO SECURE POST-FREE COPY OF "BULLETS" BULLETIN, DATED JAN. 13, YOUR FREE GUIDE TO SUCCESS

14

CUT RIGHT ROUND THE DOTTED LINE

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

"BULLETS" No. 1,201 — Closing postmark, SAT., DEC. 30.

I agree to enter in accordance with rules.

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

ADD YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS TO LABEL ALSO

NAME and ADDRESS on both LABEL and COUPON

FIRMLY STICK 1½d. STAMP HERE | FIRMLY STICK 1½d. STAMP HERE | FIRMLY STICK 1½d. STAMP HERE | FIRMLY STICK 1½d. STAMP HERE

For one "Bullet" stick 1½d. stamp to each space above. For two "Bullets" stick additional 1½d. stamp to each space above.

Stick 1½d. Stamps here at rate of 3d. ENTRY-FEE for each "Bullet" submitted. P.O. may be used if preferred—if so, write its number and value across stamp space.

ADD 2, 3 or 4 WORDS to any "EXAMPLE"

IN LIFE'S MINE-FIELDS
TROUBLE IN GERMANY
THE RED CROSS
SHOCK FOR THE NEUTRALS
ACCORDING TO GRANDPA
TOO EASY
NOW HENPECK'S A SERGEANT
NAZI JUSTICE
WAITING FOR ANOTHER
WISE SHOPKEEPER
OUR PLUMBER'S IN THE ARMY, SO
UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE
BACK TO BLIGHTY
IN CAME FATHER AND
ABOVE THE CLOUDS
HOLDING THE FORT
MAKES THINGS WORSE
RUTHLESSLY
USELESS TO-DAY
IN LOVE AND WAR

Six "Examples" below are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line. Thus you will find it easy to discover attractive and differing "Examples" on which to build your "Bullets" as instructed.

IF HITLER WERE .....
PAYING FOR .....
..... CRIME
WAR IS ....., SO
WITH ALL OUR .....
NOW SONNY'S .....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

"BULLETS" No. 1,201 — Closing postmark SAT., DEC. 30

I agree to enter in accordance with rules.

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

FIRMLY STICK 1½d. STAMP HERE | FIRMLY STICK 1½d. STAMP HERE | FIRMLY STICK 1½d. STAMP HERE | FIRMLY STICK 1½d. STAMP HERE

For one "Bullet" stick 1½d. stamp to each space above. For two "Bullets" stick additional 1½d. stamp to each space above.

Stick 1½d. Stamps here at rate of 3d. ENTRY-FEE for each "Bullet" submitted. P.O. may be used if preferred—if so, write its number and value across stamp space.

FREE COUPON FOR THIS COMPETITION IF USED AS INSTRUCTED BELOW

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

FREE PRIVILEGE ENTRY

I enclose TWO or more paid 6d. (or prize) coupons for *Bullets* No. 1,201 or X-word No. 182 entry value 1s. or over, all entered in same name and address, entitling me to this coupon FREE.

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

ADDRESS ENTRY: "BULLETS" No. 1,201, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2 (Comp.).

LAST DAYS TO ENTER Closing postmark **SATURDAY, DEC. 30**

RULES.—1. First prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best *Bullet* received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every *Bullet* received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges. 2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and stamps must be stuck or Postal Order enclosed as directed on coupon. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. 3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible.

N.B. If desired, Crossword entry, made in accordance with Rules on page 32, may be enclosed with *Bullets*; double your prize-winning opportunity by also entering a Crossword each week.

A LITTLE

BOVRIL

PROMOTES ENERGY

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